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GENUINE LETTERS

BETWEEN

HENRY and FRANCES.



GENUINE LETTERS



HENRY and ELIZABETH

A
S E R I E S
OF
Genuine Letters,
BETWEEN
H E N R Y
AND
F R A N C E S.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

V O L. VI.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X.

2 E R I E S

CONSTITUTIONAL



FEDERAL

RECORDS

ADMINISTRATION

ACT OF 1950

AMENDMENT

TO THE ACT

OF 1950

AND

AMENDMENT



A S E R I E S
O F
G E N U I N E L E T T E R S
B E T W E E N
H E N R Y A N D F R A N C E S.

L E T T E R D C L X X V I I .

H E N R Y t o F R A N C E S .

Kilfane.

I HAVE been obliged to begin upon my *Vermins* since I left Dublin. I came down with Mr. F——; and even the easy Motion of his Spring-chaife disturbed my Stomach, and occasioned my Disorder to return upon me with such Violence, that I begged of him to leave me at Leighlin-bridge, as I was so ill able to come on: But he would not suffer it: He said, it was neither a Place to live or die in, unless I should choose to expire like Buckingham, *in the worst Inn's worst Room*: For, indeed, there is no *best* in any of them.

VOL. VI.

A

I told

I told him a Truth ; that when I am ill, the Company of Friends but adds to my Uneasiness, and that I should choose to die like an Ass ; which, when it feels its Life drawing near an End, is said always to retire into some Cavern, or unfrequented Mountain. Do not be scandalized at the Meanness of my Comparison. Homer has made it an heroic Image * ; and Madame Dacier has defended the Simile.

I met with all Friends in this Quarter extremely well, and without Change. This B——, lively, as usual ; and that B——, as gentle as ever : Such Contrasts form the true Style of Society. There is as great a Variety in the Men too ; for you might be sure, that my first Objects were the Women of these Families ; and it is always so, whenever they happen to be Objects worthy of Notice. You may guess the many Questions, both of Kindness and Curiosity, that have been asked about you in both Places ; though I have been so taken up with yourself ever since I have been here, that I do not think I mentioned any Thing of these Families before.

Since you are retired to *Windsor's shady, cool Retreat*, I shall not envy myself the present Enjoyments I have in this sweet Sejour, independant

* He compares the Intrepidity of Ajax to the Obstinacy of an Ass.
of



of the Company, which I actually did, till I received your Letter. This is really One of the sweetest Scenes in Ireland, taking all its Circumstances together. The Proximity of the Two Seats; the near Relationship between the Families, their Friendship, the Kind of People they all are; agreeable under so many different Characters; the Beauty of the Grounds; the Elegance of their Improvements; the Communication between them through Gardens, Labyrinths, and Groves.

In fine, the toute Ensemble, is so extremely Arcadian and romantic, that I have stiled it, by way of Eminence, *Le Voisinage*; and they have agreed to sink the Names of Kilfane, and Kil-murry, though both soft enough for Verse, into that common Appellation comprehending them both.

Since I have had my Mind rendered easy about your Health, it is Time to take Notice of Two Letters I received from you, dated London, at the same Time with your first from Windsor; for a delayed Pacquet brought them all together.

You cannot imagine what Pleasure it gave me, the Coincidence of your receiving my little Presents, with the silver Token, so critically on our *Dies festus*. Whoever has a great Stake in War,

at Play, or in Love, becomes naturally superstitious—fond Boys and Girls frequent coffee-tossers, turn their Shifts and Shirts, burn their Sweet-hearts: Heroes consult Augury; and jealous Husbands start at the Cuckoo's Note. *O! Word of Fear!*

I received your Packet of Powders in One of these Letters, which furnished me with a Cordial both to Body and Mind. Ben Johnson could not have said of the Envelope, what he did of the Dramatic Writings of his Time, and which may as well be applied to those of the Present: “A
“ Man would not wrap up any *wholesome Drug*
“ in them.”

There was an Eclipse of the Moon to have been performed here Yesterday Morning, by the Prediction of the Astronomers, but the Manœuvre was quite disconcerted; for Madam Luna did not appear—ashamed to shew her Face perhaps under such a Disgrace, and so the Eclipse passed off in the dark. How was it with you?

You have Two Works on your Hands at present, and I scorn to be outdone in *Labour* at least: So I began another Writing before I had finished the First, and have carried them on together, like Twins. No Matter, now. *I shall find a Time.*

Adieu!

HENRY.

P. S. Le Voisinage present their Affections to you.

L E T T E R

LETTER DCLXXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor.

THERE is no End of thanking you for kind Letters, therefore I must appear ungrateful often, merely to avoid Tautology. Though you are so indulgent as to excuse my writing constantly to you, I feel as if I had committed some Crime against my Love, if a Post should go out without carrying a Letter from me, especially if I have had the Happiness of receiving One from you.

Indeed, my Love, you are too good to me; and endeavour even to inspire your Friends with a Partiality which makes me blush even at this Distance. I receive the generous Effusions of your Fondness for me, as I do the Gifts of Providence, with an humble Sense of my own Unworthiness, and the sincerest Gratitude to the bounteous Giver: Long, very long may he be pleased to dispense all his Blessings to me through your Hands!

I am as thoroughly convinced, as you can be, that no other Man on Earth could have rendered me so happy, or ever have drawn forth even the small Merits I possess. You are my Polar Star,

and my Love the Needle, that has pointed every Action of my Life, and thought of my Heart, to you, and you alone.

I will also flatter myself, that your Kindness and Affection for me have drawn forth many latent Sparks that would have slept like Gems in Mines, had you been attached to a Woman whose want of Taste or Sense might have rendered her insensible of their Value—Yes, my dear Harry, I do think we were created for each other, as much as the first Pair. And I love Doctor F—— for his having the same Idea, though he expressed it but clumsily once.

Your last Letter has given me great Pain, as it mentions yours. I had flattered myself, that Heberden's Prescriptions had conquered your Disorder, by giving you, it seems, only a temporary Relief: But still I hope Success from your Welch Recipes; and if they answer, I will appoint your little Doctor our state Physician, as soon as we are reinstated in our hereditary Kingdom again. You see I can smile at serious Matters as well as you.

I am greatly recovered since my last Letter, and have been out upon the Terrace, and taken the Air in the Park: What a delightful Scene! I fancy your beautiful North would *hide its Head,*
like

like your *shame-faced Moon*, before it; nor would even *Le Voisinage d'Arcadie*, as you describe it, pretend to vie with us, if it was not for the Company there that might help to keep it in Countenance a little; but enough on this Subject: I hate Descriptions and Comparisons.

For, alas! What is Prospect? What the intermingled Shades and Lawns, to the lively Sallies of Wit and Mirth, and the dear Effusions of Friendship and Benevolence? But what we love we cannot envy; and indeed I hope my Heart is incapable of so detestable a Passion, even for its Foes—though sure I may be allowed sometimes to sigh out, What would I not give to partake such charming Society with my dear Harry? But since the Circumstances of our Lives will not admit of so much Felicity, I can rejoice sincerely by Reflection upon his.

I wish you Joy of the successful Progress you have made in the Regions of Fancy. I fear, indeed, that I shall be left far behind: But you know that my poor Pegasus never attempted to run a Race with your's; for, besides the different Spirit of our *Hobby-horses*, you have a rating Way of going, that must distance my Spirits of Mettle all to nothing at the long Run. Nay, I fear I shall lose, though I run by myself, in the

dramatic *Course*; for all my *Whip and Spur* has not yet been able to bring me even within Sight of *the Goal*. I am engaged to go to Ascot Races next Week, and I should have supplied myself with more Jockey Phrases if I had waited till then.

Adieu, my dear Harry! My poor Head is addled; but my Heart unalterably yours.

FRANCES.

LETTER DCLXXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

I REJOICE to hear you are better; I knew it before the Post came in, because I found my Sympathy concurring. My Vermins have not yet brought forth; but, thank God, I am not at present in Labour. I am recovered again to the same easy State I enjoyed for above a Month before my last Attack.

I was really very ill for the Two Days on the Road, and Two more after I came hither; during all which Time I was continually saying
odd

odd Things as usual, to amuse the Rack. Mrs. L——, said, it was a *delightful Thing* to see me in Pain, I said so many *pleasant Things*—but there is nothing extraordinary in this : It was the Way with antient Oracles ; they fell into *Convulsions*, and prophesied.

All Manner of Exercise is bad for me ; it rouses the Acid in my Stomach, which causes all my Agonies and Retchings. My Body is like a cracked Bottle, which contains well enough while at Rest, but Motion forces out its Contents. This Disorder makes a Slave of me by Restraint ; and of all my Friends too, whom I am obliged to send of my Errands : But in this Sort of Tyranny, contrary to all others, they are most free who obey.

It is an amazing Thing, that among the Number of the best Physicians I have consulted, both in England and Ireland, none of them should yet be able even to give a Name to my Disorder. I have promised the Faculty to make them a Present of my Body after my Death, to satisfy their Curiosity, provided they intitle my Disease the *Henriade* in their Books, as the French Physitians did the Hæmorrhoids, *Regius Morbus*, in compliment to Lewis the Fourteenth, who was afflicted with them ; and which, according to the true Interpre-

tation of Language, should have meant *the King's Evil*.

Though the Experiment, I dare say, will answer no better to them, than one of the same Kind did once to me, who when a Child cut open the Belly of my Fiddle to look for the Sound.

Enough—the Subject is not pleasant. Adieu, my *Arria*!—*Non dolet*, says your *Pætus*.—*Sed redolet**, I would say to any Pain, any Labour, any Anxiety, that might possibly accrue to thy Happiness.

God bless my dear Children, and thee also, the very best Child in the World. Be well, immediately, for I am so, thank God; and our Sympathy has ever been remarkable—I am convinced that we shall both of us die on the same Day. Till then, let us live and be happy together. Amen.

Adieu, my Life!

HENRY.

* Grateful to the Sense.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCLXXX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

I DID not write to you last Post, because I could not. I was obliged to keep my Head on my Pillow that whole Day, on account of a severe nervous Head-ach that frequently attacks me. The Pain has ceased, but left such a Weakness and Confusion behind, that I know not what I am writing. Almost all Irish Heads are littered, but mine is a perfect Chaos at present—I can neither choofe, nor separate my Ideas, they lie perplexed together like an intangled Skein of Thread.

But there is One Sentiment in my Mind, which is not *ideal*, standing proudly pre-eminent above the rest, which never has, and never can, forsake me, “ while Memory holds its Seat in “ this distracted Globe.” Need I say what it is ?

Believe me, Harry, that I felt more Impatience and Uneasiness at my not being able to write to you, than from the Pain I suffered, though I had nothing particular to say to you; and have often intermitted a Post without Regret at other Times : But my Mind was weak, and it would have soothed it to complain to you.

Though the Kindness, the Tenderneſs of your Attentions and Expreſſions, upon all ſuch Occaſions, may have ſome dangerous Conſequences attending them—It may take off too much from that natural Aversion one has to Sickneſs, and render me too careleſs about preſerving my Health. I may become like little Children, perhaps, at laſt, who ſometimes pretend to be ill, in order to get *Goodies*.

Mrs. B——, with whom I came down here, is going to Southampton for the Benefit of the Sea. I confeſs, I am ſorry, very ſorry to quit this Place; its peaceful Sweetneſs charms me; Retirement ſooths my Mind to infant Gentleneſs: And I am never ſo good, and conſequently ſo happy, as when I am cool and quiet. The Noiſe, Heat, and Hurry of London make a Devil of me.

I have a great Mind to try if I can live quite alone, and remain here a Fortnight longer by myſelf, if the Owners of theſe Apartments do not come to *puſh me from my Stool*; by that Time, I think, I may reaſonably flatter myſelf with the Hope of our Meeting—no Matter where—or here, or there.

That pleaſing Thought has given me Spirits, and I would indulge them by ſcribbling on, if
my

my poor wretched Head did not remind me how inadequate the Powers of my Body are to express the Wishes of my Mind, which have ever been to prove myself worthy of your Love, as I am, with the tenderest Affection,

Your ever faithful Wife,

FRANCES.

LETTER DCLXXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

I HAVE been reasonably well ever since I came here; and have pursued my Vermin Regimen without any sensible, or visible Effect yet. Before I left Dublin, I was put into Possession of the Recipe, which the good Lady told me had cured Lord Clive of the same Kind of Disorder with mine. I am glad of it on his Account; for he deserves Health, because they say he *deserves Fortune*.

But with regard to myself, I confess that I should prefer his *Jaghire* to his Cure; for I am
almost

almost brought at last to be of Mrs. R——', Opinion, that *Health is but the Second Blessing of Life*. Were I a single Man, I should not hesitate one Moment about the wiser Choice; but loving as I do some Persons better than myself, I own I am tempted to give the Preference where she did. What would this be, but cutting off a Limb to save the Body?

The Weather, for some Time past, though fair, has been remarkably Cold; yet every Thing seems to go on in the usual Course of Spring; and I hear Cuckoo's every Day croaking errant Scandal. For methinks this is no fit Season for Cuckoldom, though that ill omened Bird is continually blabbing it.

I have met here with a Collection lately published, Rousseau's Thoughts upon various Subjects, which are compiled from his Works at large: There is a great deal of Spirit, Knowledge, and Philosophy in them, though mixed up with a good Portion of what is vague, slight, and unintelligible. The choicest Part, as in all Compositions, is what is *uncommon*—In this the principal Merit of a Writer consists: This is the only Part of a Work that shews Genius.

It flattered me to meet with some Sentiments and Opinions of my own among this Collection,
particu-

particularly about the Nature and End of Study ; and the Use, Abuse, and Method of teaching the Sciences, as hinted in several Parts of my Letters in the First Series, wrote long before the Author's Works were published. He agrees with me also, in a Passage of the Triumvirate, that the Kings who shine most in History, are generally those who were not born to Empire.

So far he makes a tolerable Figure, while compared only with me—but observe how weak, diffuse, and unnerved a Writer he is, when drawn into Competition with you : One of his Paragraphs, under the Head of Love, is thus expressed :

“ To an indifferent Woman, every Man is
 “ always a Man ; but to her whose Heart is in
 “ Love, there is no other Man than her Lover.
 “ What do I say ? Is not a Lover a Man ? Alas !
 “ He is a more sublime Being ! He has nothing
 “ of Man about him in the Eyes of her who
 “ loves. Her Lover is more than Man ; all
 “ others are less. He and She are the only
 “ ones of their Species : They have nothing to
 “ wish for ; they love.”

You take Occasion to quote this very Passage in some Letter published in the Second Series* ; and

* Letter CCCCXXVI, last Paragraph.

doing it without Book, you express the whole Spirit of this tedious Paragraph, after your own comprehensive, but succinct Manner, in one short Sentence: "To a Woman who truly loves, " there is no *Man* in the World; for the Object is " more, and every other less." I call this writing.

I sent off to Farmley for my Letters; but the Messenger is returned with a *Non inventus*. I suspect by the Course of the Winds that there is some Mistake. The Family were at the Races; and the Servants—but you know too well what Servants are. I will mount my Horse To-morrow, and take a *Course* myself; for though I would not start for a *Plate*, I would *whip and spur* for a *Prize*. Thou art my only *Goal*; and be assured, my dear *grey Mare*, that I am your faithful *Jockey*.

Methinks this is pretty well for the first *Heat*; and I am sorry that all this chearful *Badinage* did not occur to me, when you gave me the *Go-by* from Windfor at the Time of *Ascot* Races lately.

The Kindness and Attention of both these Houses towards me is not to be expressed—but I may safely refer myself to your own Imagination for Hospitalities of this Kind. They salute you.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCLXXXII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

WE have had as bad Weather here for some Time as you complain of in Ireland. Indeed, I think, we may for the future strike Summer intirely out of the List of Seasons, and divide that Portion of the Year between Spring and Autumn.

This would be like the Egyptians, who divided it into Three Parts; but why they left Autumn out of the List, is as great a Mystery as any of their Rites. If I had been the Nile, I would never have watered their Plants again after such an Affront.

I am much flattered by your Compliment on my Manner of expressing Rousseau's Sentiment; and I confess, I think it better myself than the Original, because whatever is shortest said is best expressed, provided the Perspicuity be equal. However, poor Rousseau appears to too great a Disadvantage, by quoting him from the miserable Translation you sent me. I do not think the Original can be such horrid Stuff, but have not the French by me now to refer to the Passage.

I have

I have gone a great Way in my Work of *Eugenie*; and the sensible and obliging Mrs. P——e encourages me highly on the Performance; but I shall never be satisfied about it till you have given your Opinion on the Writing; for your Approbation is the only Stamp that can render such Coin current with me.

I am impatient to finish this Piece, in order to begin some original Work of the Kind. I have more Labour in such an Undertaking as this, with less Pleasure and less Fame. An Architect would rather build a House than alter one. A clear *Stage*, but not *without Favour*, is what I desire.

Though, where shall I get a Fable? All Book Stories have been already exhausted; and there is not *Intrigue* enough in the modern World to frame a Plot upon. Amours are carried on so openly and avowedly in the present Times, that I think I have nothing for it, but to return as far back into the golden Age as I can, and present the Stage with a Pastoral Scene of Galantry; make Baucis false to her Philemon; and supply the gay and artful Libertine Corydon with such Contrivance, Caution, and Address, as might be thought requisite before Vice and Debauchery had

had become so barefaced as they appear to be now-a-days. How do you approve my Scheme?

I am in Health and Spirits.

Adieu !

FRANCES.

L E T T E R DCLXXXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

NO Post can come in before this goes out, therefore I am set down to write, and *no Thanks to you*, Sirrah: That is, my Letter cannot receive any Assistance from yours. But as it happens to be a very dull, cold, rainy Day, it is very probable that by the Time you have got to the Bottom of my Fourth Page, which I am resolved to extend this Epistle to, you may have a fair Opportunity of returning the Compliment, by saying, *no Thanks to you* neither, Sirrah.

This is one of the Posts I am pleased with—the answering your Letters is a Duty—this a Fondness. And I declare, that I have often, from
this

this Idea, been tempted to begin a Second Sheet to you the same Post, just after I had sealed a former one: I have done so sometimes, and should have done it more frequently of late, but that I feared it might have occasioned too much Avocation to you from the Works you are at present engaged in. For as to my own Part, I cannot spend my Time more agreeably in your Absence—writing to you is my only Pleasure; every other Kind of literary Work, my Business merely.

The Sort of Affection and Attachment I bear to you, is really of an uncommon Nature; but, besides its arising principally from your Merits, and my Esteem of consequence, may not your being for many Years past my sole Object, be taken into the Account? You have no Rival, not even a Friend to share my Love with—the only Persons I ever was connected with, under that sacred Character, being either dead, or defective. *Rousseau* speaks extremely well upon this Subject in his Chapter on Sentiment:

“ In Proportion as we advance in Years, all
 “ the Sensations center; we lose every Day some-
 “ thing that was dear to us, and which is never
 “ replaced: Thus do we die by Degrees, until
 “ at

“ at last, loving nothing but ourselves, we cease
“ feeling and living before we cease to exist.

“ But the sensible Heart defends itself with
“ all its Might against this anticipated Kind of
“ Death. When the Cold begins in the Ex-
“ tremities, it collects about it all its natural
“ Heat ; the more it loses, the stronger it at-
“ taches itself to what remains ; and holds (if I
“ may use the Expression) to the last Object, by
“ *the Links of all the Others.*”

Whenever you happen to be dull, dispirited, or dissatisfied, either with yourself or me, take up any Volume of the Series, and read a *Quantum sufficit* for your Cure, as I express it upon the same Occasion in the Preface : This will afford you a Renovation of pleasing and flattering Ideas on your own Part ; and with regard to mine, you will have the Satisfaction to find all that Love and Constancy, which my Life has ever since been laid out to prove, promised so long beforehand, in Expressions too galant to appear sincere, or too extravagant to be thought true.

Among the Thoughts on various Subjects which I amused myself with once, when I was detained at Holyhead, see the latter End of the
Fourth

Fourth Volume: I say, that “ Affections sometimes seem still to flow, like the Sea at Ebb, “ after they have subsided.” This I cannot be deceived in with regard to you—compare my first Letters with my last, and you will find the same *Tide-mark* in both.

But the Circumstance that hinted that Secret in Philosophy to me first, was this—I had, once upon a Time, conceived a most *unreasonable* Passion for a certain Person long dead, which continued *surprizingly*, for—I do not know how long—because I might unfortunately have imagined it had subsisted till the Day of her Death, if it was not for a most lucky Accident; as follows:

I was shaving myself one Day, and wanting a Piece of Paper to wipe my Razor on, I took up one of Chloe’s Letters for that Purpose. I am apt to make Reflections upon all Manner of Occurrences; and recollecting that Time was, when I would sooner have sacrificed a Bank Note, or worn such a Beard as Signor Dolorida’s in Don Quixotte, I immediately began to perceive that my Passion had been extinct, or, to continue the Metaphor, had *left the Shore dry* a considerable Time before; but how long I could not exactly determine,

determine, because I could not precisely compute how long I had been in love with another Object, whom in the very Article of Shaving, I found that I had conceived a real Passion for some Time before, and whom I can safely answer for it now, I shall ever continue to love with a *Spring-tide* of Affection.

For believe me, I do not know what Women are; but Men are naturally constant: Love is blind, and we go *poking* about like a Person in the dark, laying hold of, and rejecting by Turns, many wrong Objects, as at the Childish Game of *Blindman's Buff*, until we at length grasp the one we are in search off; then *slip the Bandage from our Eyes*, and there our wandering ends.

I was actually never able to see Madam Chloe after that *Æra*, without thinking of one of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays—I think it is stiled the Humorous Lieutenant—No, that is not the Name of it—not material—but after some Body had swallowed a Love Potion by Mistake, and the Philter, which had been laid for some King, had spent its Charm, the enamoured Courtier views with Surprize his Majesty's *old Boot*, that he had hugged so passionately during his Infatuation. So ends my Novel.

I have

I have not been well these Two Days. Moisture affects nervous Complaints more than any other Kind of Weather. The only Improvement I would make in the Elements, should be to have Rain warm in its falling: This would be more beneficial to the Plants of the Earth; for it is Moisture, not Coolness they want; and Warmth would help forward the Vegetation—the Labourer, the Traveller, and the Beasts of the Field would then not be so much incommoded by it; the Sensation would be less irksome, and the Consequences not so dangerous.

The only Objection I have to this Thought, which would have but little Weight with certain Philosophers, is, that *Nature has not done so*—and, as Pope says,

“God never made his Work for Man to mend.”

And in another Place,

“One Truth is clear, whatever is is right.”

With a Thousand other Testimonies that might be brought from Authors *who believed in God*.

My Paper is out, though not my Prate; but it would be too hard to *impose* another Sheet, as the Printers phrase it, on you; so I shall conclude myself, without any *Imposition*, my dearest Fanny's fond Lover, and faithful Husband,

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXXXIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windſor-caſtle.

I HAVE long contended for it, that I had leſs Vanity in my Composition than any *Woman*, or *Writer* alive; but I now honeſtly confeſs that I have deceived myſelf, or perhaps you have puffed the latent Spark ſo long, that it has at length riſen to a Flame; for I declare that I can ſcarce contain the Exultation and Self-complacency, which I am ſenſible of from your charming, kind, and flattering Letters. That which I receive laſt ſeems always the moſt pleaſing; ſo that you ſtill appear to riſe upon yourſelf every Poſt.

I really wonder where you find Parts (not to mention Paſſion) to expreſs at once the Strength and Delicacy of your Affection, through ſo long a *Series* of Years as well as of Letters, without Repetition or Reduction—ſhould One of your *Billets doux* happen to fall into any Perſon's Hands by Chance, would they not ſuppoſe it to be written by ſome young Inamorato in the Meridian of his Paſſion, to ſome diſtinguiſhed fair One,

equally the Subject of a Painter's Pencil, and a Poet's Pen? And upon seeing it addressed to me, might they not conclude that I was but the *convenient Duenna*, who suffered the Epistles to be directed to her, in order to mask the Amour? And how would it increase their Astonishment, to know that this little quiet, inactive Mortal was informed with the same reciprocal Spirit of Love, Delicacy, and Tenderness, for a plain, clumsy Man, *declined in the Vale of Years* (though that I hope not much)? What a rare, what an extraordinary Instance, beyond Experience or Philosophy, is there here, of Love, Constancy, Virtue, and Happiness! I have a Right to be vain, and I will be so for the Rest of my Life.

I am vastly entertained with your Novel, as you call it. What admirable Address you must be Master of, who could confess a prior Passion to a Second Mistress, and yet teach her to esteem the divided Heart better than the Whole. To win a *praingaged* One is the higher Triumph; and to be preferred *upon Comparison*, the greatest Compliment. I have reason to think myself as fortunate as the *youngest Daughter* in a Fairy Tale, who receives *Half a Cake* with a Blessing, instead of an *whole One* and a Curse.

I thank

I thank you for your Quotation from Rousseau : It is sensible, tender, ingenious, and philosophic. He is, in my Mind, a fine Writer in many Particulars, and is possessed of a Species of Enthusiasm that serves to ripen Virtue. But what can I say to that charming Passage in your Letter, which gave you occasion to introduce it?

I have been looking over your Letter again, to see what other Paragraphs I should attempt to observe upon ; but I find that I should exceed my Sheet, if I was to speak my Sentiments upon every Passage of it ; and as you have so niggardly confined yourself to Four Pages, you must be satisfied if I return you *as much* (though not *as good*) as you bring.

I lately preferred you to the Post of *Travelling Fellow* to our Universities * ; and I would now recommend you as *Corresponding Fellow* to any Prince in Europe—I would not to a Princess, though. If I was some rich Duchess Dowager I should certainly reside for the Remainder of my Life at my old Mansion-house in the Country, and would give a large Salary to some such a Correspondent as you are, to write postly to me.

No Matter what the Topics were ; for the in-

* Letter DCLVII.

genious, like the philosophic Mind, *turns all Occurrence to its own Advantage*:

“ His Eye begets Occasion for his Wit,

“ For every Object that the One doth catch,

“ The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest.”

A Man of *Sense* merely must have some solid Matter for his Subject—but a Person of *Wit* is equally entertaining and improving, whether an Atom, or a World; an Angel, or a Worm, be his Themes.

Exclusive of the other Merits of your last Letter, there was a lucky Crisis in my receiving it. I had been really dejected and mortified at the many insuperable Difficulties which occur in the Manufacturing of *Eugenie*. I had Hopes that the Quiet and Retirement of this Place would have left my Mind free from every other Thought or Care, except the Work I was engaged in: But these are vain Ideas, invented by Poetry, and denied by Philosophy—for I agree with Milton, though he makes the Devil say it, *The Mind is its own Place*.

Under these Discouragements, I had determined to quit the Field, when your Letter arrived, and rallied my broken and dispersed Spirits to the Charge again.

“ Inspir’d by thee, what may I not atchieve?”

Yes,

Henry and Frances

29

Yes, my dear Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, I will still pursue the arduous Task (though hopeless of Success) that I may boast the Merit of emulating you in One Particular at least.

I am afraid that many of my little Scribbles miscarry, because you do not seem to acknowledge several of those I have wrote to you: This is mortifying, to think that they may fall into other Hands; because I write without the least Study, or Reserve, and in the fullest Hope that no Eye but yours shall ever glance upon my Letters.

Had I a Thousand Years allotted me, I should never be able to express Half the Love, Esteem, and Gratitude I owe and feel at this Moment for my dearest Henry; but *my Paper is done before my Prate*, as well as yours.

Adieu! Adieu!

FRANCES.

P. S. We have had great Thunder and Lightning here this Summer, but I do not hear of any Mischief done by it yet.

LETTER DCLXXXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

DO not be alarmed at this large Sheet, for I have not the same Malice prepenſe to fill it, as I had the laſt Poſt—but it may ſo happen, Ideas may occur, and I would not be ſtinted, eſpecially in Love, which I think generally makes up the principal Parts of my Letters to you.

I have not heard from you this Week paſt; but my Hopes ſupply the Place of Winds, and whiſper me that all is well on your Side of this *Monſoon*. The chearful Diſpoſition of my Mind turns even ſuperſtitious Omens to happy Preſages. Upon ſpeaking of my Proſpects and Deſigns about the Eſtabliſhment of my Son in Life To-day, after Dinner, ſome Body drank Succeſs to him—I filled a Bumper, but in taking it up, I happened to ſpill Part of it—you would have reckoned this Accident *ominous*—ſo did I, but in a different Senſe—for my Augury accepted it as a Libation to Fortune, which prognosticated that his Cup of Bleſſings will overflow. Amen!

I have

I have ever had the same Turn of Philosophy. Just after the Siege of *Tournay*, my Father came flying to me like a *left-handed Raven*, to tell me that my Brother had been cut to Pieces in that Engagement; for that the English Horse had sustained a Cannonading of Six or Seven Hours. I replied, that my Opinion upon that Paragraph of News was, that the whole Corps had been felled, except himself, and that he was now General of the *Cavaltry*—*that was to be.*

A propos of Wars. The Journeymen of most of the Corporations in Dublin are in Combination against their Masters, and in Tumult among themselves. How epidemical must Discord be, when even *Tailors* have risen in Arms. The excessive Dearthness of Provisions has been the Cause of the Insurrections, both in England and Ireland. Hunger will break through Laws, as well as Stone Walls. The Police must be very ill conducted, when there is Occasion afforded for such Murmurs. If you will join the English Mob, I will inlist here for a *Redress of Grievances*.

I had a Letter from Dublin lately, that will give you Pleasure: J. L. has wrote to his Mother, expressing an hearty Contrition for his Idleness and Loss of Time. He promises, if she will forgive his Elopement, that he will return

immediately from France, whither he fled, depending on the Favour of a rich Uncle, provided she will give him Leave to prepare himself for College, having conceived an earnest Passion for Scholarship, though it had not been the First Scheme of his Education.

There is some Sense, some Virtue, some Spirit in this happy Turn of Mind. Success attend him ! His Uncle probably helped him to discover a Truth, which sooner or later all Men may experience ; that there are no Friends to be depended on, if we neglect ourselves. His happy Mother weeps for Joy, and receives *the Prodigal* with open Arms.

I am sitting in the Temple, at the Head of the Canal here ; and every Passenger that goes the Road, can see how I am employed at present ; so that I appear to be not only *a Scribe*, but *a Pharisee* also. However, I shall continue to scribble it away, notwithstanding, till a Messenger arrives from Kilkenny with the Letters, I hope, of Three Pacquets, from *my only Correspondent*.

You are captivated with the *old Fashioned* beautiful Simplicity of the antient English Poetry. I send you a Stanza from Shakespear's Venus and Adonis, that I met with this Morning, which
 charmed

charmed me in that Stile. When she beholds her Lover slain, the Poet expresses it thus :

- “ She looks upon his Lips, and they are pale;
 “ She takes him by the Hand, and that is cold;
 “ She whispers in his Ear an heavy Tale,
 “ As if he heard the woeful Words she told;
 “ She lifts the Coffer-lids that close his Eyes;
 “ Where lo ! Two Lamps burnt out, in Darkness
 “ lies.”

He uses here a poetical Licence of putting the Singular for the Plural Number in the last Word. It is the more like old English for that Stamp.

I indulged myself in a fond Idea this Morning. I am copying out my Novel fair for the Press, and changed some Scenes I had laid at Richmond to Windsor-castle, merely because you are there. I found it pleasant to dwell on the same Spot, as it were, even in Imagination. For I may say with Shakespear,

- “ If the dull Substance of my Flesh were *Thought*;
 “ Injurious Distance should not stop my Way.”

I have been reasonably well for several Days past. Six o’Clock Buttermilk Breakfasts, and Ten o’Clock supperless Slumbers, are an wholesome Regimen. I shall leave this Place To-morrow, and proceed to the *old Election*, which comes on.

soon. Every Thing as usual, I suppose. We, like the English, shall get the Victory; and they, like the French, will sing *Te Deum*.

But, you Vagabond, what have you done with my Children all this while?

No Letters! But the Winds *preach Patience* to me.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCLXXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

AND so, you will be vain for the Rest of your Life! Will you? Why, Woman of me, You have not Spirit enough for it. *The brisk Lightning* I—not you, indeed, *Mr. Packer*. I suspected you for a Bully at first, and found a *canna baud* it, when you came to your sneaking Paragraph—*afraid*—my little *Scribbles*—fullest Hope—no Eye, but yours, ever glance upon them. I am ashamed of you. Though is it not better as it is? You have the best Effect of your Resolution, without

without its Weakness. My Love, my Praises
raise your Spirits, without your Vanity.

I thank you for the new Preferment you have
bestowed upon me, and shall ever remain your
most grateful Client. But I should soon forfeit
my Salary with any other Correspondent. Do
you think I could write with the same Spirit to any
old Duchess in England, but yourself? Money,
perhaps, might purchase my *bribe-worthy Service*;
but it is Love only, my *Iphigene*, that can inspire
my Genius.

You have described the Faculty of Wit in ade-
quate Terms.

“For what Wit is, ’tis only Wit can shew,”
as *some Body* says of Light.

This *same some Body*, if you observe, is a great
Author with me, for I seldom remember Names.
It is like *Dame Saffig*, that *some Body* travelling
through Wales once took to be Proprietor of the
whole Country.

Your Distinction between Sense and Wit is
very just. Sense but presents Images to us as
they appear to a *Lippard*, first obtaining Sight :
Their Size, their Shape, and Colour, true; but
all at equal Distances. Wit, like Perspective,

preserves *the Keep*, and like the Sun gilds o'er the enlivened Scene.

I had promised *our Friend* to go to Cloyne with him this Morning, but the Manœuvre, or rather *Quadrupedæuvre*, that I performed Yesterday Evening, in coming hither, for I could not get away till after Dinner, it has returned my Disorder on me so strongly, that I passed One of those Nights you have known me to labour through so often before.

I have gone through my whole Course of *Vermicellis*, but without any Manner of Effect, good or bad; and travelling still continues to disagree with me, as usual—indeed, I may be said rather *to be in Travel*, than *to travel*, upon such Occasions.

Nor does my Method of not eating till the Day's Journey be finished sufficiently answer my Purpose: For Sleep, which should have Nothing but the Waste of Waking to supply, has the additional Excess of Fatigue, Fasting, and even of *Eating* to repair.

Your Thunder and Lightning surprize us here. If ever the Saying of *Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder* had any Meaning, it must be this Year; for our *Weather* is Winter, though Summer be our *Season*. I am not surprized that your Lightning has done no Harm, for it could only be

a Sort

a Sort of Flash in the Pan, or *brutum Fulmen*, an unnatural and ineffectual Glare.

We have never been without Fires since I came to the Country. The Sun, it is true, flaunts it through the Air every Day, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, a meteor Light, but without Heat, or, like an old Beau, with more Shew than Substance. Were *Daphnè* now alive, she would despise his Frisking. I wish she was, as it might be some Comfort for him to have any Body to run after, if it were only to keep him warm. Nor need she play Tig with him herself now, except for the same Reason—I suppose, that it must have been just such a Summer as this, when *Cloten* talked of wrapping the Sun in a Blanket.

But it is Time to leave off abusing the poor old Gentleman. He will certainly never inspire us again, if it should happen to reach his Ears; which, however, is not so much to be apprehended at present, as he certainly is *so much farther* off from us than usual.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXXXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

I HAVE received Two Letters from you by the last Post. And so you pretend to call me to Account about your Children—pray, what have I to do with them? I made you a generous Present of them the Moment they were born; and surely all Care of them since ought to have rested upon the Owner.

“For to forget what we bestow.”—You know the Rest.

But what better could be expected of it? I have lived here at an idle and extravagant Expence, and you have sent me no Money. Now in Cases of extreme Hunger, it is said that One may morally eat their own Flesh, and upon this Indulgence in Ethics, I have disposed of my Children to certain Kidnappers, for the Sum of Forty Pounds Sterling; but still preserving *the Equity of Redemption* in them, so far, as that if you should punctually answer a Bill *at Sight* for the above Sum, which will probably be presented to you at the same Time with this Letter, you may chance to have a *Sight* of your Brats once more before Transportation.

But

But to be more serious. Fançhon has been *Ruggaby, stick close at my Heel*; ever since I came here, except some few Excursions which she has made with our Friend Mrs. R——, but why not her Friend? For I assure you she has been able to make Friends for herself already.

As for your Son, I left him at his Academy in London; but I hear that he is flaunting away at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Reviews at Hyde-park, Bagshot, &c. for which Reason I have wrote for him to come down here, and shall *pin him to my Apron-string* while I remain in these Quarters—for though I am rendered extremely happy by the Account you give me of Mrs. L——'s good Fortune in the Recovery of her stray Sheep, I confess that I am not quite so good as Heaven, to rejoice over *the returning Penitent*, more than over the *unerring Just*.

I wish you *Joy* of your *Philosophy*, if those two Things can subsist together—whenever I hear the latter Word mentioned, how natural is it to affix Lukewarmness or Apathy to the Idea? Socrates said that he owed all his Philosophy to his Wife. Return then quickly, my dear Stoic, and make your own Home your *Porch of Exercise*, for the Rest of your Life.

I must tell you an odd and unaccountable Circumstance—I have read over your dear Ode a
Thousand

Thousand Times, and have strove to get it by Heart in vain. What is the Reason of this? I could repeat a *daily Advertiser* perfectly, from Beginning to End, after perusing it Half a Dozen Times—is it the Agitation of my Heart that prevents the Exercise of my Memory? or, are its Powers diminished? I have not the Pretence of Pope's *faux brillant* Simile for it.

“Where Beams of warm Imagination play,

“The Memory's soft Figures melt away.”

But though I cannot repeat it correctly, every Syllable of it is treasured up, even in that Part of me which shall survive *the Cloud-capt Towers*; the Beauty in her Bloom; the varying Seasons; and even Time itself—if I die rich, this Elegy shall be set to Music, sung over my Grave, and inscribed upon my Tombstone. Angels would listen to the Song.

What a Fool I am! I cannot see to write any more.

Adieu, my Love!

FRANCES.

LETTER.

LETTER DCLXXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED no Letter from you last Post, though a Pacquet came in ; I do not mention this in order to reproach you, for I hope that you were much better employed ; but only that you might not imagine I had neglected to answer you. So *all alone proudly*, I go.

Your *Summer's Wonder* has reached us at last, for it thundered and lightened this Morning before I was up to such a Degree that I could not sleep, and yet continued in Bed till past Nine o'Clock, shivering all the while, not for Fear, but with Cold. What signifies getting up, said I, till I know whether my Life is to be my own, or no ?

In order to explain this Soliloquy to you, it may be necessary to acquaint you that if ever I choose to die at all (which is a Matter that I have not yet resolved upon) I would certainly choose to die in my Bed, preferably to any other Situation in — Death. *Life* had like to have slipped from me — It will save the Trouble of carrying me there.

I ride

I ride out sometimes in a Morning, and amused myself Yesterday with taking a Circuit through all the Roads that I had formerly made myself in this Country, which I compute to be about Six Miles, if they were all laid together; and they are all very *travelsome*, even at present, I assure you, after above Eight, Nine, or Ten Years wear and tear.

This Survey occasioned many grave and serious Reflections to arise in my Mind, which a good deal affected my Spirits. The Recollection of past Times is ever attended with Melancholy, though filled with ever such pleasing Incidents. Sad Indulgence! I call it an Indulgence, because it was voluntary: For I have a Spring in my Mind that could have vaulted with Ease into more chearful Regions, either of Fact or Fancy; but the Soul loves sometimes to rest itself in Gloom, as the Eye relieves itself in Shade: There is a natural Reason for the latter, and it is enough to hint to your Investigation the Analogy in the former.

The Plan of my Operations in this Kingdom is not so far advanced as that I can be yet able to fix the happy Time for my Returning to *myself*—to far better and dearer.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXXXIX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

IS it not rather extraordinary, that ever since the Posts and Pacquets have been multiplied, I have received fewer Letters, and those in a more irregular Way, than at any former Period of our Correspondence?

I was rendered so miserable at not hearing from you this Week past, that I set out for London on Sunday Evening to intercept the Post that came in Yesterday. I was over paid for my Trouble and Expence, by receiving a Letter from you so much earlier than I could have had it here, and returned back again the Moment I had read it.

I know that you will neither be surprized nor laugh at this Impatience, though *the wise Ones* of this World will think I might have waited till this Morning, for the mean Consideration of saving a Guinea. But they little know either the Pains or Pleasures of a Love like mine.

The Idea of your surveying your own Roads made me melancholy—Retrospect can only be agreeable to those whose *Prospects* are pleasing.

Ours,

Ours, indeed, I trust in Heaven are so; but it must be by a *Vault* (according to your own Expression) into a Region beyond the Vale of Life below. I am shamefully low-spirited.

Indeed, my Harry, I am grown weary of myself, and of the Scene of Dissipation and Irregularity I have unavoidably been led into since I have *unretired* here. But I am resolved to dedicate the Remainder of my Time and Thoughts to the Works *in Hand*, while I remain alone at Windsor. I was going to say, Works on the *Anvil*, but that the Metaphor would have been imperfect, having only the *Labour of the Hammer*, without the *Fusion of the Fire*, to make out the Comparison.

Indeed I will be good for the future. Can I pay a greater Compliment to Business than by sacrificing my Pleasure to it? And can there be an higher Instance of so hopeful and *dull* a Purpose, than my quitting you so abruptly for it? But be assured, that if I should omit a Post or Two, it will be owing merely to my Attention to you, though shewn in a much less pleasing Way than by subscribing myself,

My dear Harry's faithful and affectionate

FRANCES.

P. S.

P. S. Do you know now, that the Word above—*Vault*—shocked me as I wrote it ; it raised the Idea of a *Cæmety* to me. See the Effect of low Spirits—but in Truth I think the Word is wrong spelt by us both, though Dictionaries support it—it should certainly be wrote *Volt*—*a Volt*—*to volt*—*volting*, &c. This would preserve its Derivation, from *Vol-tiger*, *to fly*, and prevent the Equivocation between the Two Terms, which ought certainly to be avoided, where-ever it can be done with grammatical Precision.

L E T T E R DCXC.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM glad to find you still remain at Windsor, though your Companion has left you. I dare say that you will not find Solitude irksome to you, after you have settled a little to your Books and Papers. And the Calmness and Air of your *Retirement* (as I hope we may call it now) will do both your Mind and Body good.

Though this Weather will hardly suffer any One to be well ; for we have constant Rain here, and the few Days that pretend to be fair, are cold

cold as Winter. It clears up now-and-then, just to shew us that it could be good if it pleased, which but makes us the more regret its evil Disposition. I will hold you a Wager now, I guess whom you are a thinking of at this Instant: It is her, exactly. How often have we both lamented this Perverseness in her! unhappy Woman! I cannot help lamenting her still.

God forgive us this Rain, should be One of the Prayers of our Litany at present. For Theologians say that national Calamities are the natural Consequences of national Vices: It was this that induced the first Deluge, and I think we are heavily threatened with a second One this Season.

I thank God my Disorder is at length become easy to me. I have some Returns, but neither so frequent nor so violent. It is not impossible but I may at last wear or *weary* it out of my Constitution; and if I should, it would certainly be the most extraordinary Case in Physic. *If Money holds*, they say at Play, *Luck will turn*; and I really think that my Patience has very near tired out the Perseverance of my Distemper.

I might often have said, as *Lafau* does of the King, "He hath abandoned his Physicains, under
" whose Practices he hath *persecuted Time with*
" *Hope,*

“*Hope*, and finds no other Advantage in the Process, but only *the losing of Hope by Time.*”

This Passage is taken from *All is well that ends well*, and I embrace the Omen of that Title.

I thank you extremely for your Compliment of *the Guinea Postage*, but hope you will remember that you are still Two more in my Debt. You know that we had been many Years married when I paid a Forfeit of Three once for the Pleasure of passing an Evening with you, though we lived constantly together at the Time,

“If thou rememb’rest’s not the slightest Folly

“That ever Love did make thee run into,

“Thou hast not lov’d—.”

Our History would really be a curious One, to be circumstantially related from the Beginning of our *Lives*, or to use a *Synonima*, our *Loves*. All other Novels terminate in Matrimony; but ours began with it, and is not ended yet. “Never ending, still beginning.”

What Pity it is that there is not more of this *ex post facto* Galantry stirring in the World. T. B. is the only Husband I have ever detected in such *clandestine Doings*. I have seen him steal a Kiss, and known him to write anonymous Verses—to his Wife.

He

He falls short, however, of my Idea of this Matter, but has sometimes come so near it, that I was once provoked to cry out to him in a Parody on Swift's Lines,

T. B. no longer is my Friend,
Who dares to *wedded Love* pretend;
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, then shew'd its use.

Agreed—let you and I open an Academy in London forthwith, *at the Court End of the Town*, to teach this charming Science, and stile it the *Bon ton* of domestic Life. T. B. shall be our Chaplain. This Thought strikes me: I will borrow it for my Novel; I can throw it in as I am copying; or I will lend it to you, if you please—speak.

You cannot get the Stanza's *by Heart*, you say—yes you have, my Life—they were wrote from *mine* to *yours*. It is not material whether you have got them *by Memory* or no.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

THOUGH Harry has made an Apology for me, though I had resolved not to write, though jaded with Study, and low in Spirits, very low, I could not suffer the Post to go out, without expressing my sincerest Thanks for your Kindness, my tenderest Wishes for your Health, and fondest Hopes for your Return.

I have ever told you that my Impatience grows in proportion to the Approach of any desirable Event, and of course, I feel less Anxiety, though more Regret, on the Day you leave me, than on every succeeding One during your Absence. I hope that the Return of the Post may increase the *Momentum* of my Wishes, by determining them to a Period.

I am glad I am still at Windsor, since you desire it; but as I know you love Paradoxes, I may venture to tell you that I have seldom had such bad Health or Spirits in the Bogs of Ireland, as in this very clear Air and elevated Situation. I am certainly by Nature of *the Bramble Stock*, and was

born to thrive in a heavy Soil and damp Climate. Perhaps these Rains may be of Service to your own Shrub; your little *Go-by the Ground* unnatural Constitutions require unnatural Weather.

I thank you for the *Bon ton* Hint you offer me, but I will have no Patch-work Business of it: Not only your Stile and Manner, but even your very Ideas are of a different Species from mine: The only Thing in which we seem at all to come upon a Level, is in Passages of Sensibility—yet even here, there is this remarkable Difference between us, that your Tenderness lies mostly in the Thought, mine rather more in the Expression.

Besides, our Provinces in Life are different; yours the *doctrinal*, and mine the *practical* Part. Do you frame Rules for good Wives, while I give Examples of them, which I shall ever endeavour to do both in my Life and Writings—you will find some Instances in my present Work. I long impatiently to see your's.

It is really surprizing, and perhaps the World will not credit it, what little Assistance either you or I have taken or given to each other in our literary Exercises; and still, how much less (if *Nothing* can be diminished) we have received from others.

You,

You, I know, are too sturdy for such Helps; but I confess my own Weakness and Indolence so far as to acknowledge that I should be extremely thankful to Man, Woman, or Child that was able and willing to assist me. I would not suffer any One to *write*, but I should be much obliged to any Body who would *think* for me.

There are Three Subjects in your last Letter, which happening to fall under one View together, have occasioned certain Reflections to arise in my Mind, which might raise Doubts in any One else but myself: The Two First of them are bad Weather and your own ill Health—your Philosophy exerts itself most against Misfortunes, and you generally speak upon these Two Topics with more Wit and Spirit than on any other, except the Third—which is myself: What a Thought is this for Malice or Melancholy to add to the *Art of ingeniously tormenting*! Did you ever read that Book? It is a sad Picture of human Life. The Lady you hint at in the same Letter was a perfect Mistress of that most hellish Science.

Upon my Honour I did not intend to pen a Second Paragraph when I spread this Paper. I declare that I have even wrote away my Fatigue, as One who has overwatched themselves drives away

Sleep. You are actually a *Gipsy*—lead me but once in, and you are sure to exhaust my poor Budget. But I will have done now, lest you should find out *the Longitude* in my Letter, and *the perpetual Motion* in my Prate: Though, as it is the Fondness of my Heart that dictates, the same Sensation I doubt not will make you read it with Delight. Do not tell me I am too vain.

Adieu, my more than Life! my dearest Blessing!

Adieu!

FRANCES.

P. S. I have taken the Liberty to change the Word *Bite* to *Nip* in my Elegy—for it shall be mine when I can never read it more.

LETTER DCXCII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE received your Son's Excuse for your not writing, and your own much better Apology *for writing*, at the same Time. You did not look over his Letter—I send it back to you that you may point out to him some improper Phrases, and peculiar Modes of *Kakography*. But the

whole Turn and Sentiment of the Letter is pleasant—Embrace, and bless the dear Boy for me.

What you say, with regard to the *Non-assistance* we have received in our Writings, is very true—the Authors of the last and former *Æras* used to club their Wits, and lay their Heads together, in order to polish and refine their Works: This must have been a vast Advantage to them—think of Swift's striking out Two-hundred, adding Two-hundred, and altering Two-hundred Lines, in his *Baucis and Philemon*, upon the Hints and Advice of his Friends.

The Antients never published any Piece till after they had laid it by *Nine Years*, and had Ninety-nine Rehearsals of it among select Audiences of the cotemporary Wits, or Writers of their Times: This was being *slow* I grant you, but it was being *sure* also: Such Assistance is not to be had now-a-days, for the Generality of modern *Penmen* may justly make the Reply at *Draw-Gloves*, that they have but *little for themselves, and less for you*.

Poor Wilkes! Six Months, One, Two, Three, Five, or Seven Years, are the usual Terms of Imprisonment, according to different Degrees of Crimes; but *Twenty-two Months* seems to be an extraordinary Sentence. I wonder, since they

departed from the usual Gaol Numbers, they did not make it *Forty-five*; they might have done this by the Rule of *Adaption* at least; and even a bad Rule, like a *bad Reason*, is said to be *better than none*.

They are going to render *Bingley* famous too; his Speech is admirably drawn up. By what *Rule of Court* they would not suffer him to speak it, or denied a Man the natural Liberty of pleading for himself, I cannot say, for indeed I begin to find myself most shamefully ignorant in our Laws, as they have lately been decided upon.

However, I am sorry to see that there is a Spirit of Discontent rising in a *brave*, though we are judged not to be a *free*, People, and I am much afraid that these Things may not end quietly. I charge neither the last nor present Ministers with the Blame, for I confess an equal Ignorance in the *Arcana Imperii*, as in the *Laws*. I have read *History*, *prisci conscius ævi*, and that is all the Science I pretend to.

Rousseau, who sets up for understanding the Nature of Government better than me, says, that “ The People never rebel against the Laws, “ unless the Rulers themselves have begun first to “ infringe them in some Respect or other. In “ China they have an excellent Policy founded “ upon

upon this Principle, for whenever a Province revolts, they always begin with punishing the Governor. Something analogous to this is Swift's Family Discipline, who said, that "Whenever the Children are froward, the Parents ought to be whipped for it." But perhaps the Fault may not be in the Governors, but in the Government itself, as Harrington says. The Error may possibly lie in the first Concoction, which may never be remedied till either the King, or the People, shall have more Power than they have.

Some temporizing Politicians think, that if Wilkes should be forgiven his Misdemeanours, real or imputed, and set at Liberty, all the Warfare between Ministers and People would be soon at an End. I am not sure of that—it would not probably be so much taken for *Favour* as *Fear*, and might tempt the Populace perhaps to exact more material Condescensions upon such Presumption. Clemency is certainly a truly royal Virtue.

The Emperor Sigismund said, that "The best Way of destroying an Enemy, was by making him your Friend." Do you remember my political Arithmetick on the same Subject*? This

* Vol. IV, Page 228, last Paragraph.

may be stiled the *Sublime* of Generosity. But then the Laws ought never to be relaxed at the Voice of Tumult.

The Scheme of Policy above-mentioned makes a Story occur to me which I do not mean to make any invidious Application of: A Capuchin Friar once at Venice petitioned the States to prevail on the Pope to recommend it to God to forgive the Devil, and receive him into Favour again—which he said, would effectually prevent the Lusts of the Flesh from warring against the Grace of the Spirit for the future.

I like your Alteration very well, even though Shakespear says, "Thou dost not *bite* so nigh."—You may do what you please with *your own Elegy* (as you have a Right to call it) and I am surprized it should want no other Correction; for I wrote it, as I do every Thing, extempore, and with a Heart and Mind most intimately affected from the Alarm of your Letter.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

I WAS going to say *Io Triumphè*, but *Io Pæan* I do sing, at having finished *Eugenie* at last. I have brought all the Personages of the Drama decently together at the End of the Fifth Act, and left them ready to dance a Cotillon. I feel myself so light and airy upon this Occasion, that I could make One of the Set myself, though I had only *Mrs. Winifred* for my Partner.

To-morrow the poor little Orphan is to be heard without Counsel before the Bar of *Drury-lane*—indeed—indeed, she will sustain a considerable Loss by your Absence—how many Passages did I want to consult you upon! You should have been here to have drawn up her Defence at least, or what would have been still better, have left less Foundation for the many *Writs of Error* which may probably be brought against her.

But I think she may boast a *Friend in Court*, whose experienced Candor and Kindness will (if she has any Merits) afford her a clear Stage, and not without Favour: Upon this Confidence I rest,

and the bare Reflection on it has already overpaid all my Labour.

I am still in Possession of this Castle, but would return to London immediately, if I had Money to begin the World again with. This has been a very expensive Situation to me, and has neither answered my Schemes of Retirement, Health, or OEconomy, which were my only Objects in it. All the Cash you sent me has been either spent, or lent, before this, and I must stand upon my Defence in the Citadel, till you send sufficient Forces to raise the Siege, or come to my Relief yourself.

This last is a pleasant Thought, and with it, and the sincerest Affection, I shall conclude myself in Sicknes or in Health, in a Palace or a Prison, my dearest Harry's ever faithful Wife.

FRANCES.

P. S. My worthy Friend, Mr. Gataker, is in a Decay, spits Blood, and is given over by his Physicians: This Account has already begun to hurt those Eyes which he so kindly curel.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I Wish you Joy of your *Finis*. But what Loss have you had of me on this Occasion? All the Use I was ever of to you, was to copy out your Writings, and your Son is a much fairer Amanuensis than I am now.

I knew how it would be with my Vagabond at first setting out, though I could not find in my Heart to tell her so: That she would idle Time, squander Money, and waste Health by her Excursion. I knew from the Situation, and other Circumstances, that it would not answer any One Article of her Project: But my honest Soul confesses it herself, so that all the Difference between us now is, that I was wise at first, and she at last.

“ Well then, it now appears you need my Help—

“ Go to, then—you come to me, and say,

“ *Shylack*, we would have Monies—”

And hint at a certain strong Apartment in Windsor, which you may soon become Tenant to. Why, so much the better, my little Prodigal—the Friends of your extravagant and idle Genius’s have sometimes kindly thrown them into a Gaol,

to make them redeem themselves; this will make you become One of Solomon's good Wives, *whose Feet remained within her Threshold*, and this will also serve to strengthen your Affection for me, for if you were my *fond* Friend before, you will be my *fast* One now.

But, suppose, that while you may yet have your Legs at Liberty, you should perform a Pilgrimage to *Thomas à Becket's* * shrine—if *Faith* and *good Works* can save a Sinner, he has One, and you the other. *Go to then*, transmute thy Fame into *Credit*, and raise *Monies* for thyself—thou hast a *Mintage* in thy Brain, and a *Coinage* in thy Speech, and yet hast Conscience to ask Money from a *poor Scholar*.

You see I can jest with one Misfortune more than you hinted at in a late extraordinary Paragraph of yours; it is by much the best Mode of Philosophy. I have almost laughed Pain and Distress out of Countenance already—I am sure at least, that they wear very different *Faces* to Mirth and Melancholy. And why should they stand the *Buffeting of finewy Arms and Hearts of Controversy*, when there are so many Unfortunates, who are ready with open Arms to receive their Gripe, and lodge them in their Bosoms?

* The Name of her Bookseller.

I will

I will tell you the Things that make me merry: I laugh at the Ambition of Kings; I laugh at *Titles*, though I respect *Dignities*.

"For where there is no Difference in Mens Worth,
"Titles are Jest."

I laugh at the Fear of Death in *others*, and at the Sense of Pain, Sickness, Poverty, or Distress in *myself*; finally, I rejoice at the Mirth or Happiness of all the World that enjoys them.

But now I am serious, I cannot get an English Bill in these Quarters, but I shall forthwith remit what Money I have up to Dublin, to answer whatever Draft will serve your present Purpose, which observe, you are to *draw* upon me for at the House of Mr. Wybrants, to make a *Draw-bridge*, or *Bridge of Gold*, to facilitate your Escape from the Garrison aforesaid.

By your Expression of *beginning the World again*, I hope you do not mean to renew a rantipole Life, if a *Lapse* can be called a *Renewal*, when you return to London. If you render yourself an old Woman before your Time, take Notice that I am *off the Match*; for I live soberly in my Meals, and so regularly in my Hours, that I am actually *within Twenty Years*
of

of becoming young again, and am grown as plump and as sleek as a Bridegroom.

So much by way of *in tertium*. For there is one Secret that I would not suffer you to be acquainted with for the said Twenty Years Purchase; which is, that if you were as old as the *Witch* of Endor, and I as young as Jonathan, you would still have *Charms* for me, and we would *spell* and *put together* to the End of our Lives. *Amen—so be it—I beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*

All this Household are gone off to the County Election at Kilkenny, and I have passed some Days here quite alone, without complaining; for I never yet thought a Day too long, nor any Place too solitary for me. However, I shall ride over à le Voisinage To-morrow; not to fly from Solitude, but to enjoy Society.

The Bishop of C—— is come into this Country, and I shall go over to see him in a Day or Two; and if he returns soon Home, I shall go with him for a Week or Ten Days, as my Business will afford me so much Vacation; and the only Way I have to be even with Delay, is to spend the Interval as pleasantly as I can.

Though I much fear that this Weather will hardly indulge us in such a Jaunt, for the Rains

are

are so excessive, that all our Hopes are founded at present in the old Covenant of the *Rainbow*. We have had already more than Forty Days Rain, even *Forty-five*; but we do not value such Things now-a-days, as the Form of the World has been quite changed since the *Deluge*. It is now *convex*, and the Rain must run off as fast as it falls; but it must certainly have been *concave* at the Time of *Noah*, and so of course filled like a Bowl-dish. But enough of *Voltairean* Impertinence.

There is a Closeness in the Air too that almost suffocates One, for the Sun has warmly represented my cold Description of him lately, so that I dare not stir abroad for fear of being *scalded* by the Rain, which was more than I asked for in the Philosophy of a former Letter upon this Article. This Weather keeps us constantly in *hot Water*, which helps the Fruits of the Earth to ripen, but without Flavour; for the Apricots, Plums, and Cherries, which should have been *baked*, are only *boiled*.

I most heartily grieve for poor Mr. Gataker. *He shall not die*—as Uncle Toby swears—a Physician's Sentence is not *Fate*, whatever their *Recipes* are. They lied about me above Ten Years ago. May this be their Precedent here!

Blessing

Blessing to our Children, and Love to our Friends. My Sentiment is yours, in Addition to both Love, Duty, and Gratitude.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCXCV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor-castle.

NOTHING in the World could keep up my Spirits but your charming Letters: Their Effects far exceed those which are attributed to the *Grand Elixir*—that can but lengthen Life; they make it happy, and are indeed the only Balm that can assuage the Pangs of Absence.

I am delighted with the Chearfulness of your Spirits—in a Person of your Sense this must be a certain Sign of your Virtue; but in the Nature of your Philosophy, it is not, alas! so sure a Token of your Health. I am pleased with the Idea of your Juvenescence, and should not be much grieved at my *declining in the Vale*, merely on account of Life itself; for there is nothing in it

that

that could make me wish it prolonged but your Affection; and as you are so kind to promise me that Blessing, as well in Age as Youth, I shall be the less solicitous about *Sleekness*. You are growing fat, you say, and I am growing thin, *tant mieux* for both of us.

I wish your Friend Success in his Election with all my Heart, because he deserves it. I know nothing of this Matter though myself, but I have the best Rule in the World to judge it from, which is your Fondness for him.

We have Rains here *as hot and heavy* as yours. Last Week, being fair, was *broiling*; and this being foul, is *boiling*, as you say. I prefer the first Kind of Weather; for as Bentley is made to say, in his Dispute with Orrery about the Epistles of Phalaris, "I had rather be *roasted* than *boiled*."

Methinks it is the Error of the Moon, for she Changes and Re-changes oft, but suffers the Weather still to preserve its Constancy. Have Oberon and his fairy Queen had a second Quarrel *? or has Proserpine been ravished again, pray you †?

* Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene 2.

† Ceres cursed the Land upon that Event.

I had a Letter lately from London, which gives
a strange mad Account of

* * * * *

It is a melancholy Thing that even Folly is not
a Protection from Lunacy, which reminds me
of the Scripture Phrase, that *from him who hath
little, even that Little shall be taken away.*

I dined at Sunning Yesterday; Fanny is there,
and Mrs. R—— will not part with her—she is
at the Height of human Felicity in that Place;
and as this World is not quite brimful of Hap-
piness, I would not lessen her Portion of it by
bringing her home. A Parent's Love is a Thing
of course; but a Stranger's Affection is more
rare, and more choice therefore, in the Minds of
Children. But either my Son's Sense or Years
have risen above this Weakness; he stays con-
stantly with me, studies hard, is equally attentive
to his Books and me, and is in every Thing a
dear Boy.

I have been writing hard all Day at my Novel
to have it finished before you come over. Neither
my Head or Heart can ever be tired of conversing
with you; but my Hand, how disobliging, refuses
to let me say more, than that I am, you know
what.

FRANCES.

P. S.

P. S. I had like to forget acknowledging the Receipt of your Letter of Credit—but I shall take care to *note* the Contents, and send you *Advice*. If all the World would take Counsel, as kindly as I am certain you will accept of this, the *Millenium* were already begun on Earth.

LETTER DCXCVL

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

THE County Election is not over yet, and it is not known which Way it will turn. This Buffle, with another Particular that will occur to you upon this Occasion, bring back old Times to my Mind anew. The same anxious Pursuits after those Vanities of Life revived in my Friend, which have long since been buried in the Grave with my poor Kinsman, from whose Memory I cannot, would not, refrain this Tear.

I feel as if I was now standing on the Verge between two Worlds, and, *Janus* like, looking by Turns backward to the former, and forward on the present one. I begin of late to find myself

self in a Situation of Life that is extremely irksome and uncomfortable to me—*too young for the Old, and too old for the Young*. Thus am I become as it were an Outcast from Society; and would choose to retire (if possible) for a few Years, till I may be sufficiently qualified for the first of these Classes, which I am studying hard to prepare myself for.

But the conversing with, and the reflecting on my dear *Ethelinda**, renews my Life and baffles Age—Time shakes his Glass at me in vain. I shall never grow old while I can live with or remember her.

- “ What’s in the Brain that Ink may character,
- “ Which hath not figured to thee my true Spirit?
- “ What’s new to speak, what new to register,
- “ That may express my Love, or thy dear Merit?
- “ Nothing, sweet Love. But yet like Pray’r divine,
- “ I must, each Day, repeat the very same;
- “ Counting no old Thing old, thou mine, I thine,
- “ Even as when first I hallowed thy fair Name.”

I have a vast Reverence for old Poetry—it is richer than the new, though not so neat. I prefer a tarnished Guinea to a burnished Shilling.

* Her first nom d’Amour. See the First Series.

I have

I have finished the fair Copy of my Novel. Two large Volumes appeared to be an unsurmountable Work : But though the Life of Man is short, a great deal may be done in it, provided One does not *oversleep themselves*.

Copying is a dull and heavy Task, but I have always found its Uses in it. I had read the whole Manuscript over first, without making the least material Alteration in it ; but in the Transcribing I made an Hundred—One reads faster than they write ; and the Leisure which this latter affords (like Time gained by Stutterers) gives Opportunity for Recollection. So that I think it would be an Improvement upon the Rule of Horace, instead of keeping a Work by you *for Nine Years*, to copy it over *as many Times*.

All of Le Voisinage that are not at the Election dined together To-day, and are now opening their Hearts and Mouths in joint Compliment to my best, my only Love.

Adieu !

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

London.

HERE am I broiling, and near expiring with Heat, nay, and almost rejoicing that you are not stretched upon the same *Gridiron* with me. I should not deserve Pity, if this Purgatory were my Choice; preferring it to the Elysian Fields of Windsor; but my Anxiety about you, from the Delay of your Letters, has brought me hither; so that at this Rate I shall soon get out of your dear *Three Guinea Debt*, my generous Creditor, who makes himself my Debtor still for what he lends.

I have received a Letter from you that gives me Reason to believe our Correspondence will be soon brought to an End—I find it impossible to answer the Kindness of your Letters—I could indeed *find in my Heart* to do so for ever, but my other Powers fail me. What a Triumph may you boast, who have been able to stop a Woman's Mouth, and humble her Vanity, with Praise! I shall become *the Woman killed with Kindness**, at last;

* The Title of an old Play.

for stopping a Woman's Mouth is stopping her Breath, you know.

I shall return to Windsor To-morrow for a few Days, and then accept of Mrs. R——'s Invitation to Sunning for Part of the Summer; for this sudden Turn of Heat has rendered London insupportable. It has been very unhealthy for some Time past; and though Windsor has not agreed with me as well as might have been expected, I am certain I should not be now alive if I had remained here.

And after all, upon a Scrutiny into my Expences, I find I have not spent above Ten Pounds more in my Country Hospitality than I must have done here—exclusive of my Funeral Expences, which must have come to that Difference at least: So that upon the Whole, I hope you will think yourself *no Loser*: For as for me, like an old Mansion-house, I rate myself at nothing in the Purchase.

I am going to dine at Mrs. Ch—— to meet Mrs. Brooke. I am told that I shall like her extremely. She is sensible and unaffected—an unaffected Wit is *rara Avis*. Is not that a *black Swan*? But in Allusion to a Female Wit, would not a *white Crow* be a juster Image? Do not you Men think them all arrant *Scare-crows*?

I must

I must have done—the Heat overpowers me. It is difficult to be sensible in hot Weather—One melts away too much into *Sensibility*. But I shall feast on Ice presently, which may perhaps enable me to be witty, though the Frost of *Zembla* could not make me wise.

You may perceive that I am all this while writing as sillily as if I was under the Line; but neither Heat or Cold can make any Change in the Thermometer of that Affection with which I am unalterably yours.

FRANCES.

LETTER DCXCVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

I HAVE been to see the Bishop, and have the Pleasure to acquaint you that he appears to be in perfect Health. He was often ill in London, and has been a good deal so since he came over, particularly when I was with him at his Deanery.

To

To shew the Vanity of some People! Do you know that he used sometimes to give himself Airs, by pretending to have such a Cholic as mine: My Property in this peculiar Disorder is exclusive—there never was another Patent of the Kind, except the One that Charles the Second ordered to be made out to a famous Equilibrist, licensing him to stand upon his Head on the Pinnacle of St. Paul's, which no one else was to attempt *on Pain of Death*.

I hope our Friend's Looks are as sincere as his Heart, when he looks well—and who knows but he was only practising the *pious Fraud* of Sixtus Quintus, in order to the Popedom, and then threw aside his Crutches. He returns Home To-morrow, and carries me with him.

My Disorder had slept so long, that I began to hope it was its last Slumber. I could ride an Hour after Breakfast, and walk in about Two Hours after Dinner. I felt myself a *Sampson* in Health and Vigour till Yesterday Morning, when I became a *Sampson Agonistes* indeed, and continued on the Rack till late at Night; but at length I overcame the Philistine, and without Injury to the Pillars of that Temple in which thou art daily worshipped.

We are *Ireland the Great*, or Great Ireland, as well as Great Britain, for our Posts go and come to and from all Parts of the Kingdom daily at present, so that if you were now in Dublin, our Correspondence would be *to my Love and from my Love* both Night and Day. An Express may now be sent from one End of the Kingdom to the other by the common Post for a *Groat*.

I received your Letter *reflecting* on the Heat of the Sun—why, you speak worse of his Warmth than I did of his Coldness—but I have an Idea of your Feeling, and suspect ours to be but a Kind of bastard Wit; for I confess that I have ever received more Inspiration from a good Winter's Fire, than from the most resplendent Rays of Phœbus.

But be of good Cheer; it is reported of Milton, that he could never write a Line in Summer.—Heat may be of Service to some Genius's—yet an Injury to others. There are Constitutions in Wit. We may say of the Sun what some Poet does of another Subject of Inspiration,

“ For properly Love ripens the Fool's Wit;

“ But turns wise Men to Fools by over rip'ning it.”

You

You mention your dining with the charming Ch X ; I have erased the Epithet—it was superfluous, and not like my Manner of Writing. When I say, *my Fanny*, what Expression of Fondness can I add, except *a Tear*? You have possessed the Strength of my Passion, accept now the Weakness of it.

Le Voisinage dined here To-day. Ld A——, Ld D——, *cum multis*. I begin just now to find that I have drank enough, therefore cannot say enough how much I love you. A Man must be perfectly sober to love you as he ought—your Merit can supply Enthusiasm for itself.

Come, here's my Toast before I go—

Love without Libertinism,

And Liberty without Licentiousness.

Amen, and Adieu ! *my Fanny*. Blessing to *my Children*—I double my Prayers for them, as *yours*. In vino veritas is the Proverb for it.

No—not *Scare-crow*—we are not so much afraid of ye—but we think ye *Scald-crows*—that is the Truth of it—though this is not my *In vino*—you know of old—

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCXCIX.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.*Windsor.*

I GET no Letters from you, though they tell me here that you have seven Posts a Week, and as many Pacquets, established of late in Ireland—I fancy they wait for one another, though Time and Tide (which should be their Masters) wait for no Man.

This is the last Day of Three long Months—for it is that Quarter of the Year in which the longest Days are—since we parted, and yet you speak not of returning—though what you may have been talking of for these Ten Days past I know not.

The Tendernefs of my Regret at our frequent and tedious Separations increafes with my Years—Need I give the Reason ! my Sollicitudes grow stronger as I become weaker to restrain them—this Thought is gloomy, and I dare not dwell upon it.

I am juft returned from dining with my amiable Ch—— at *Salt-bill*. I wifh I could have brought her Home with me—you would not have
had

had so dismal a Letter. If the Rest of the World were but Half as agreeable, one would never be weary of Life. Perhaps it is better as it is—for since we must quit it, why should we forge new Chains to bind us, already too much enslaved?

I feel, like you, a Sort of generous Satisfaction in writing to my Dear Harry, when I have not any Letter to answer—it flatters me with the Idea of conferring a Favour, while the other too much resembles the mercantile Commerce of discharging Bills when due.

But in this, or any other Mode of Correspondence between us, I too sensibly feel the Insolvency of my own Fund to continue the Traffic; but as I already owe more to my *generous Creditor* than ever I shall be able to pay, what Prudence or Economy need restrain me from incurring still new Incumbrances? You offered once to take the whole Debt of the Nation upon you—I would not be outdone in Liberality.

I had a Letter from our dear P—— this Week, she says she is much better, and purposes soon to return to England. I shall be happy to see her—she is One of my *Few*—she would help me to bear your Absence.

But I will ask no more importunate (which comprehends *impertinent*) Questions, about your

not writing or coming to me; but be assured that your Silence is the most painful Source of my Anxiety at present—because I should think, that this at least was a Grievance which might be within your Power to remedy.

“ Like as the Culver on the bared Bough
 “ Sits mourning for the Absence of her Mate;
 “ And in her Song sends many a wishful Vow
 “ For his Return, that seems to linger late;
 “ So I alone, now left disconsolate,
 “ Mourn to myself the Absence of my Love,
 “ And wand’ring here and there all desolate,
 “ Seek with my Plaints to watch that mourn-
 “ ful Dove.”

My sweet Spenser.

*All Blessings await my dearest Harry, most
 fervently prays his fond and low spirited*

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCC.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor.

AFTER some painful Struggles with myself I have sat down to write to you once again, though do I not appear to have Reason to doubt whether you either expect or desire to hear from me any more? Let that be as it may, I must tell you, that I think it more inexcusable in you, than it could possibly be in any other Person, so intirely to neglect me of late. When you first went I used to hear from you once a Week at least.

Writing is to most People a Labour—to you it is merely a Sport, why then should you deny yourself an Amusement, only to withhold an Indulgence from me? But I have hitherto had no Reason to complain, nor do I mean to do more than expostulate at present. However, I am tempted to inform you that I am still in being, and still stationed at Windsor, where I might spend my Time rather pleasantly, if I had but Health or Spirits to enjoy cheerful Society.

D 4.

But

But the Labour and Anxiety of Body and Mind I have so lately undergone, have injured them both extremely; and some disagreeable and unexpected Circumstances which have occurred since my last Letter, and which I shall not mention in this, will not much contribute to their Cure.

And yet I think I could be happy if I were not denied my favourite Cordial (the Panacea of all my Ills) your Health-restoring Letters. I have been used to Medicine; and Nature, grown jealous of thy Art, suffers me to pine without your Recipés.

I but reproach myself while I seem to upbraid you—have they not been my constant Regimen, my Epicurean Feast, for more than Twenty Years? The more I need them now. “Good lost, “weighs more in Grief than gained in Joy.” Such Food as yours “increases Appetite by that “it is fed on.” *I am an Invalid, and these are my Medicines* *. I must borrow your Words to express my own Ideas.

But I said that I would not complain. I shall keep my Word *by finishing my Letter*, and subscribing myself my dear Harry's fond, but too impatient

FRANCES.

* Gordian Knot.

LETTER

Henry and Frances.

81

L E T T E R D C C I.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Cloyne.

WE arrived here safe, but through ditto Weather. Our Friend is the same Kind of good-humoured affable Person he was in Craven-Street. He is extremely hospitable and affable, and I dare say will be much liked and respected in this Country.

They will not send me any Letters from you. Some Nero has taken Possession of the Post Office, and envies the Happiness of Arria and Pætus. Perhaps these Deluges may have swallowed up the Post-boys. We are obliged to have Fires here in the Latitude of Fifty-two, and almost in the Dog Days. They say a Fire is an agreeable Companion; but I say more at present, it is a warm Friend.

Such Weather as this, at such a Season of the Year, *inexpectata bis ingrata*, would be shocking even in a Desert, where One had nothing to suffer from except the immediate Sensation; but it is truly alarming in a fertile and inhabited Country like this.

I cannot help grieving, nor would I if I could, for the Misfortune of the World, though, alas!

I am not Owner of a Bit of Land so big as a Lacedemonian Letter.*

I have had some *Apparitions* since I came here—I have met with Persons I thought long since dead, because they were out of Sight and Memory. I suppose that I might have *appeared* to them also for the same Reason.

My Heart warmed to this Place as I entered it. About an Hundred and Fifty Years ago I spent a Summer here, it was in Berkley's Time. I have had the Pleasure of knowing One great Man in my Life. How many Men will die without seeing such another!

I never was in an easier House in my Life, for such a Pilgrim as I am. Neither Drink, Play, Suppers, nor Constraint on one's Time. I live as I should do in a Monastery, and use *as little Exercise*.

I do not like writing to you of late, and yet I seldom neglect it; it gives me a greater Uneasiness at our Separation than at any other Time—except when I lie down.

My Love to my dear Wife, and Blessing to our Children.

Adieu, my Life!

HENRY.

* A Passage quoted by Longinus.

L E T T E R DCCII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Cloyne.

I HAVE not got any Letter from you since I came here. This Regulation has made the Pacquets and Posts irregular. They have been put out of their old Track abruptly, and have not had Time to settle themselves in the new One. Chairmen keep shuffling in their Gait before they get into their Trot.

I have had another *Apparition* Yesterday. I dined at a Neighbour's House, and who should step out of her Grave to meet me but a Miss L — whom you have formerly heard me mention with Esteem and Compassion; she was an old Maid, ill used by Fortune and *Friends*, when I knew her last, about an Hundred and Fifty Years ago, and had died of Distress and Disappointment about Half a Century past.

It is a Jest to talk of it—People never die; and the World has been imposed upon for these Six thousand Seven hundred and Sixty-eight Years, which *all the World knows*, as Voltaire says, is just its Age to an Hour.

We are to dine at Lord Inchiquin's To day, and I suppose I shall meet with some other Vision there too. One might fancy that I was in Possession of my Countryman Glendower's Boast, and could *call up Spirits from the vasty Deep*.

But I should not be surprized if the whole Diocese I am in at present were *Ghost-Land*; for my annihilating Cousen the Bishop, you know, had long ago *unfiated* Matter here and elsewhere—at the Word *presto, pass and be gone*, it vanished into Air, and left Nothing but Spirit behind it.

As some *Phantasms* have startled me, I have been even with others—two Persons where I dined the other Day mistook me for my poor deceased Brother; they said, that my Voice, Manner, and Way of saying *odd Things* (as they termed it) made the Likeness appear stronger even than our Persons.

I have the Satisfaction to hear from every Body here, that he had left an exceeding good Character behind him in this Country; he is said to have been a *Gentleman* in every Action and Sentiment of his Life; but loved Company, and those Expences which attend it, rather too much—a family Failing—Rest to his Manes!

I would write more to you; but what can a Man say to a Woman that does not speak to him—I have no *Fund* but *Re-fund* in me.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Sutton : I hope all Friends at Brussels are well—Mr. and Mrs. Brumpton, Sir Thomas Medway and his Lady, Mr. Harstonge, and the Marchioness d'Etoile, the Abbess Chauvelin, Mademoiselle de Renier, and Sir George Marriot, not forgetting the good Bishop of Chambery, and the satirical Monsieur Dermont,

Yours,

CHARLES SUTTON*.

LETTER DCCIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Windsor.

I HAVE been happy To-day in the Receipt of Two Letters from Cloyne : The shifting your Quarters so often, and taking your *fifty-two Latitudes*—I think that *forty-five* was full as far as you need have gone—are sufficient Causes for the irregular Course of our Correspondence of late.

I am sorry the Story you allude to is not exact in all the Circumstances usually repeated, that there might be Truth as well as Wit to support your Simile—but it was *Claudius* and not *Nero*

* Characters in the Gordian Knot.

who

who had Crimes enough of his own to answer for, that condemned *Pætus* to Death, and for his being in a Conspiracy against him, not on account of his and *Arria's* mutual Happiness, as generally related. At least, so says *Abbè Ballegarde*, dans les *Lettres curieuses*, in the One intitled *Les femmes ne sont pas inferieures aux Hommes*—consult your classic Historians upon this Article.

Your *Apparitions* entertain me much, because I think they must have been an Amusement to yourself, though it were even of the same Kind with your Reflections on the Review of your Roads lately *. Ruminating never hurts you—to others it is a Fatigue that impairs, to you an Exercise that repairs the Mind. Serious Thoughts and lively Expressions are your characteristic Marks.

Your Prophecy about the dear Lady Tavistock has, alas ! proved too true †—she died at Lisbon. It is said she fancied sometimes that she saw and conversed with her Husband. What a Boon was Death to her ! I weep for her—I would write her Elegy, but that her Life has better established her Memory already.

I do not doubt the Ease, Cheerfulness, and Hospitality you rejoice in, with our very worthy

* Letter C XXVIII, Part 5.

† Letter DLXXVI.

and agreeable Friend. You continue to tantalize me. Pray make my most affectionate Compliments to your Right Reverend Host. Should I not say my Duty? Yes—then say it for me.

Poor Harry has a bad Cold at present. Fanny still happy at Sunning, and I am dull and busy here, but most affectionately yours.

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilworth.

I LEFT our good Friend this Morning, who sent many affectionate Compliments to you. He said he would write to you in a Day or Two. His Sister has been there most Part of the Time I staid, which was a great Improvement, both to the House and House-keeping. She is a sensible, cheerful, well tempered young Woman, and has other Qualities that become her.

I received but One Letter from you while I was there—a Plague on these *quotidien* Posts, they keep me in a constant Ague every Day—give me the hot Fit with Hope, and the cold One with Disappointment.

Brenardmore.

I called in at my Brother's here, and have the Pleasure to find them all well. I suppose I must have told you before, that their Children had passed through Inoculation with Success.

I have been extremely well from my Cholic ever since I went to Cloyne, and I had flattered myself as usual, that it was quite gone out of my Constitution; but it had only *taken Leg*, for that Time, as my *Ankles* were constantly swelled during that Interval. These Two Days Exercise has recovered them, but I find my Stomach begin to be uneasy.

I am just setting out for the County of Kilkenny, where I hope to meet a Volume of your Letters. I shall thence proceed directly to Dublin, in my Way over to England—I long to be with you in every Way that a Person can long.

*Adieu!***HENRY.****LETTER**

LETTER DCCV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

HOW comes this to pass? I have received Two Letters from you this Moment, which are dated before the One I got at Cloyne, but no Matter—I have an higher Concern to attend to.

You speak unreasonably about my not writing to you—this might not appear so to another Reader, but I know your Look and Sentiment perfectly well, while you were writing those Letters; where, as Pope says, you but

“Just hint a Fault and hesitate Dislike.”

It is not my Fault—every One complains of the present Posts. When I have dismissed my Letter I can answer for no more. You are to call Winds, Tides, and Post-men to account for the Rest. You say, that at first you used to hear from me *Once a Week* at least. It was not my Neglect if you did not hear from me *Thrice*, and sometimes *Twice* by the same Pacquet.

“Upbraid

“Upbraid me not, *thou Eve.*” How could you do so? I could not find *in my Heart* to do the same to you. For though you have been capable sometimes of *Omissions*, I never yet could have supposed you guilty of *Neglects*.

But I am more *romantic* than you appear to be, which is not a Character to be much boasted of in such Days as these—Let us hear no more of this if you love *me*—for with regard to *yourself*, you need use no Caution—for no Appearances, no Suppositions, can ever prevail against my approved Opinion of your Truth, your Worth, and Constancy. Mine, it seems, wants *Confirmation*. Go to—go to—give it up—give it up.—You are merely *rational*—but not *romantic*.

My Affection, and my Conduct towards you, must, to those who know you not, appear to be intirely in this latter Strain, but would cease to be thought so if One but considers, what is in Reality a Fact, that the Ambition of Alexander, the Galantry of Cæsar, and the Passion of Anthony, have in me but One Object.

Go to, I say again—I am a Child, and weep like the First of this Triumvirate for want of Worlds, not *to bestow*, but merely *to pay*, to thy Worth.

Had

Had I the Power of Enchantment in me, I would appoint *Aladin* * your Minister of *Ways and Means*, and make *Aboulcasem* * your *Financier*. You should be at full Liberty of *indulging* every Virtue of Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence—you could but *exercise* them; for *my Fanny*, my own Fanny, need not be at the Trouble of *exerting* any One of these innate Qualities.

And yet you chide me!

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

My dearest LIFE,

Windsor.

I Do not deserve Half the Kindness you express towards me; but I should indeed be totally unworthy of any Part of it, if I could be indifferent to your Silence, which I do confess has hurt me more than ever I did express, though I find I have said too much upon the painful Subject.

* Characters in the Arabian Tales.

You

You wrong me cruelly, my too severe Love, I am as *romantic* as yourself, and therefore only do I think myself *rational*; as the highest Proof I have ever been able to give of my Sense or Virtue, is the Sincerity and Gratitude of my Affection for you.

O, my sweet Love! your Letter has almost broke my Heart—why will you write so tenderly?—why take such sad Revenge? My Tears flow faster than I hope yours ever did, or will.

I shall set out for London this Moment—upon Business I shall reserve an Account of till our Meeting. How do I long for that happy Time! Surely your next Letter will name it. O! do not be angry with me for wishing, and for expressing those Wishes, when I do it only with Fondness and Submission.

I shall carry this Letter with me; if I arrive there safe from the heavy Floods that are all over this Country I will send it to you; if not, it will travel with me into the other World, and bear witness of my Contrition, for having hurt that Heart which is far dearer to me than my own.

Adieu, my Life! my Love!

FRANCES.

LETTER

LETTER DCCVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

I RECEIVED Two Letters from you this Day, backwarded from Cloyne, One dated the 19th of August and the other the 30th. A Week before I received One there between these Dates, so that you see the Posts are surprizingly irregular, without either your Fault or mine.

You say I have not answered or observed upon several of your Letters; but I am certain that I did take Notice of every One I received, though not indeed before; and no One could do more, except a Man who published a Thing a great many Years ago, with this Title, *An Answer to a Pamphlet that will come out next Week.*

Lord! how you do scold!

But if my *Letters* go astray,

The *Posts* are more in Fault than they.

They have set all the Lovers and Friends in this Kingdom by the Ears already—formerly they were sure of hearing from one another Thrice a Week, if so minded—but Once a Fortnight must serve them, since the quotidian Posts have been set up, and there is a Reason for it.

Let

Let there be an every Day's Post established, said they, and an every Day's Post there was not. They had made no Provision for it—the Slave and the Garran, that used to crawl from Town to Town Thrice a Week, were not able to do so every Day—the Horses were knocked up, and the Riders were not able to provide others.

It is the same Way with the Pacquets : Six are ordered, but there are but Three provided ; the Rest are hired occasionally, till the regular Boats are built—this is the Way we do every Thing in Ireland. We are a lively People, and deal intirely in first Thoughts—we scorn Second-hand Goods.

But I am answerable, it seems, for Extra Contingencies that I cannot command ; and the never before heard of Punctuality of my Correspondence, for Twenty Years past, is not sufficient to plead me guiltless upon the Missing of a Pacquet. And though the Post suffers your Letters to pass *free*, you will make me *pay for them*. Go to, I say—had you been the Venetian Husband, you had never told the Looking-glass *it lied* *.

I have tasted a fine scurvy Spaw here, that has been lately discovered on T. B——'s Land. It

* See Letter CCXCVI.

has been proved and approved, and will I hope become soon a Place of Resort. G—, L—, F—, and D— are here—but thou art not!—

Do not answer this Letter—Mrs. Sutton was a little ashamed of you last Post. “What an unreasonable Woman, said she, must this same Wife of yours be? You did not carry your Letters to her indeed, but you did to the Post, and that will not satisfy her it seems.”

Nil tibi rescribam would have been my Motto, long ago if I could; but I shall set out To-morrow, and packet it over to you directly, with as much Love, Constancy, and Esteem as if you had never scolded me in your Life—right or wrong.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCVIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.*London.*

IT will be a Fortnight To-morrow since I came to London, in which Time I have received but One Letter from my dear Harry, and that One he forbids me to answer—Well, Sir, I am your most obedient. Though the behest is surely severe; for to stop a Woman's Mouth, you ought to know, is to stop her Breath—you need send no *Mutes* to strangle her: It is sufficient if you make her *One* herself.

But pray, Sir, who is this same Mrs. *Sutton*, whose delicate Sensibility makes her blush for my Faults? Or how came she to know them? Did my first Friend reveal them? No matter—I can only say, that I would rather the whole World should know them, than that I should hear of them—this is an odd Whim, you will say, but it is therefore the more likely to be mine.

It is an ugly Subject—*Nothing but my Faults*. I must ransack my Head to try if I can discover any Merits to balance them—hum—not One, I confess. Now for my Heart—Yes, I will flatter myself

myself there is some little Merit there, as Hearts go, for it has been much affected by a Pain and Swelling in the Breast that covers it, for above Two long Months past, and yet never once mentioned it to its dear Henry till this Day, when Mr. Hawkins has assured her that it is not likely to be productive of any ill Consequence.

And yet this same simple Heart confesses honestly that it was never so much alarmed at any Complaint, and that there is not an Animal in the World that loves more to be soothed and pitied than itself, yet would it not purchase that Indulgence at the Expence of giving you a Moment's Pain.

Tell this little Story to your Mrs. Sutton, whom by the Names you grouped her with lately, but more from your *making her more perfect than me*, I must suppose to be some *ideal Lady* of your Brain, some mental Reservation for your Novel, and whom, for that Reason, I shall protest against, as a *Character beyond Nature*. You shall not humble me, you see—and you see also, I suppose, how well I hold my Tongue, as you desired.

But perhaps I am hindering you from packing up all this while; so mum, and adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCIX.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.*Dublin.*

I AM safely arrived here, and mean to set forward by the first Chester Ship—the Sea agrees not with my Stomach; but it goes against my Heart to spend a Shilling I can avoid; and I will indulge the nobler Part at the Expence of the safer.

I have executed all your Commissions since I came to Town, and have put the Parcels on board Captain Dunne, to go by long Sea. I was almost tempted to voyage it along with them, on the Account above-mentioned; and if I had been sure of seeing you but One Day sooner, I should certainly have done so in Spite of my Stomach.

Such an Expedition as this would surprize you; but I think I have it in my Power to do so more, by the following Story.

Our once good Friend, ———, has taken it into his Head that I had abused him in our Letters just published. I laughed at the Story when I first heard it as incredible. I always loved him,

him, and you know I never mentioned his Name in our Correspondence but with Affection.

But I met him the other Day at Mr. F——, and found myself mistaken as well as him. His Manners are naturally warm and free—they were cold and reserved : That was neither Time or Place for an *Éclaircissement*, as there was a good deal of Company at Dinner.

This Idea could never have arisen in his own Mind, and who the Person could be, whose Stupidity might have mistaken the Character, or Malice misrepresented the Application, I cannot conceive.

As soon as I found it to be a serious Matter, I mentioned it to his Friends, Mr. L—— and T——, and here I shall increase your Astonishment—for the Letters they pointed out were Numbers CCCCXXIII and CCCCXLII. You know that Mr. C—— was the Subject of both these Letters, and that neither the good nor the bad Parts of his Character could be imputed to the other. He is neither an ill-tempered Self-tormentor, nor an Endower of Charity-schools.

I got Mr. B—— to explain this Matter to him, and yet it had no Effect—I am very sorry for the Event. I had used myself to a Fondness

for him all my Life, and a Difuse of Habits, though ever fo flight, is apt to feel irksome at firft.

Let us think no more upon this Subject—the World is full of ftrange Adventure. Is there not Malice enough in human Nature, that Men need enter into Combinations againft themfelves ! But let us turn to pleafanter Subjects.

Who is Mrs. Sutton, you afk : She is the only Rival you ever had, and the Confident to whom only I complain of you ; but it feems, indeed, that you know her not, by faying in your laft Letter that you ranfacked your Head to find out your Merits, and could difcover none. I am in great Concern for the Pain in her Breafth ſhe complains of ; but Hawkins tells her what Quin and Barry did before, that it will never riſe to more than Pain, and that will recur every Spring and Fall, probably—but moſt certainly upon every Fit of Cold, *Excefs*, *Fretting*, or other Illnefs. It may be confidered therefore as a Sort of Genius, Monitor, or Familiar, which cautions her kindly to take Care of herſelf.

Tell my dear Mrs. Sutton this when you ſee her, and be affured that I love you as well as her, every bit, ſo let us have no more Jealouſy between ye.

I hope to kiſs your Hands before this reaches them. Adieu, my Life !

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear LIFE,**Clontarf.*

I HAD the Mortification of seeing Two Pacquets arrive Yesterday, without a Letter from you, by a Wind that prevents my sailing to you. But this Morning L. F. was so kind to send out an Express to me with the very Two Letters I should have received before, and which a Third Pacquet was so good as to bring over, though they did not belong to it.

So far answers the first Part of these Letters, by serving to shew that it is possible the Posts or Pacquets may be in fault instead of me, both by delaying and by dropping some of my Letters:— This was what I always thought, whenever I missed the Pleasure of hearing from you, even before they became so irregular as the new *Regulation* has made them.

I could not help so far answering that Letter, because you repeat the Charge against me of passing some of your Letters by without Notice, which I never remember to have done in my Life; and what may, I should think, convince

you of my great Punctuality in this Particular, is my replying even to your unkind Paragraphs, which Nothing but such a scrupulous Exactness could induce me to do.

I have such a superstitious Regard to every Sentence of yours, that I, as it were, repeat them verbatim in my Answers to them; so Mercury in Homer delivers all the Messages of the Gods in the very Words he receives them.

But besides this Punctilio, I have a further Reason for taking Notice of certain Passages in your Letters just hinted at; which is, that I always find myself much easier in my Mind, and less at Strife with my Affections, after I have delivered my Sentiments upon them. As *Griefs when told soon disappear*, so do Jealousies, when expressed, subside; and in some Cases, it is more generous to resent than to forgive.

I could not bring myself to answer your Second Letter in the same Page with the former ; it is wrote in so different a Stile, that I thought proper to turn over a new Leaf with you in the reversed Sense of that Expression.

My Heart is so full of Tenderness toward you at this Moment, that I should write like a Fool to the End of my Paper, if I was not surrounded by Persons in the same Room with me, who would be apt to remark upon the Weakness of my Eyes.

Miss G—— is in Dublin, and I hope will sail with me—not that I wait for a Woman, though ever so charming, but for her Emblem only—for the instant the *Wind* becomes fair for Pargate, I will leap on Board with as much Alacrity as my Heart bounds this Moment at the Thought of it.

If I had not resolved upon this irksome Scheme of *Sea-faring*, through OEconomy, I might have experienced a Storm that the Two last Pacquets were riding in, for Three Days past, and were obliged to return back again.

I came here Yesterday to watch the Wind, and take leave of our very worthy Friends in this Place—they have *un Voisinage* here too. I am to dine To-day at Lord C——, and am im-

patient to see what Bargain he has got for his Love or Money. However, I am glad before Hand, that he is married, for his own Sake, and the happy Woman's who has got him; for I think he would be a distinguished Member of Mrs. Sutton's Society, stiled *the Bon ton of Domestic Life*, as you will find it written in the LVIIIth Chapter of the Gordian Knot, when I carry it over to you.

Adieu, my own dear Mrs. Sutton—I am more than I can say, but less than you deserve, your truly fond and faithful Husband,

HENRY.

P. S. A Thousand good Wishes attend you from this affectionate House.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

YOUR poor *Weathercock* is fixt to this Point of the Compass till the Wind changes—I wish the several States of Europe would transfer the Præmiums for the Longitude, to any Person who could contrive a Method of making a Ship sail against Wind and Tide. I think this would be of more universal Benefit than the other.

I cannot sit with my Hands before me—this is a very imperfect Expression; for a Person that writes, always does so—but I cannot *sit idle*; and shall here amuse myself with a Thought which occurred to me this Evening, when they were speaking of the *Essay on Woman* that has made such a Noise in London for some Time past.

I think it would be a good Sort of *Catch-penny* Scheme to publish some Thing under this Title, without Blasphemy, or Bawdy, and advertise it at a high Price. As it would only take in those who deserve to be bit—would it not be a very allowable Piece of *pious Fraud*? I will try my Hand at it here.—

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.

“ The liberal Education and Freedom of
 “ Mens Manners and Principles leave them at
 “ Liberty to display the infinite Variety of Cha-
 “ racters there is in human Nature—while the
 “ Narrowness of Woman’s Breeding, their Re-
 “ straint within certain Forms, with the Awe
 “ they stand in of the World, almost deprives them
 “ of any Character at all. And as Beauty is the
 “ only distinguishing Mark they bear, I shall
 “ divide the Sex into Three Classes, with regard
 “ to this Article—namely, Housewives, Mistres-
 “ ses and Heroines.

“ As Women are to be read *H brew-wife*, I
 “ shall begin my Definitions with the last first.
 “ These are a Sort of May-pole Beauties, *some-*
 “ *what beyond the ordinary Size*, like the Descrip-
 “ tions in Romance—they are like Stars placed at
 “ a certain Distance, that *shine*, but do not *warm*.
 “ Their Idea rarely becomes familiar enough to
 “ create a Passion; affecting us more with Ad-
 “ miration than with Love, and raising Ambition
 “ rather than Fondness.

“ *So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air;*
 “ *Soft and Agreeable come never there.*

“ These

“ These may be considered rather as fine
“ Statues, or noble Portraits—Subjects of *Taste*,
“ but not Objects of *Desire*; and their Praises
“ are never to be celebrated, except in Epic Verse.

“ Second Class. Observe, that by the Word
“ *Mistress*, I mean to be understood only in the
“ poetical Sense of the Expression. These are
“ no Statuary, or Painting, but charming Flesh
“ and Blood, who raise in us Ideas both fond
“ and familiar; real Objects of Desire, and Sub-
“ jects of the Lyric Measure.

“ The first Class, which very properly should
“ be the last taken notice of, comprehends those
“ *unfeminine* Women who happen to be totally
“ devoid of Beauty, Charm, or Grace; having
“ nothing to distinguish them from the plainest
“ Man, except their unhappy Gender. These
“ mere household Drudges are indeed real *Ob-*
“ *jects*—but of Compassion only; and are neither
“ to be *sung or said*.”

Here is not enough for a Pamphlet, I grant you,
but I cannot help it. A Subject soon exhausts
itself with me. You must get some of your
volume Friends to spin the Text for you. Stay,
I will try it in another Stile, and give you

A SECOND ESSAY ON WOMAN.

“ There are Three Classes of Women that
 “ may be denominated from the Greek Numbers
 “ —Maids of the *Singular*, Wives of the *Dual*,
 “ and Courtisans of the *Plural*.

“ These may be again compounded according
 “ to the different Circumstances of each—the
 “ constant Mistress may be stiled the *Single-dual*;
 “ Widows, the *Dual-single*; and faithless Wives,
 “ the *Dual-plural*.

“ Re-married Widows may assume this latter
 “ Denomination also—which, however, I do not
 “ mean as the least Reflection on their *Chastity*;
 “ but that I find myself quite at a Loss in what
 “ other Class to comprehend them—and it may
 “ be *all the same in the Greek* perhaps.”

I give you Leave to publish these Tracts for the Benefit of the *Magdalen Hospital*; that those unhappy Creatures who have unfortunately become the Objects of that Charity, after having sustained so much Injury from the usual *Essays on Woman*, may at length receive some small Advantage from such innocent ones.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

London.

I AM afraid I shall not be able to get my *Eugenie* performed this Season. But I will not always write to you with a Raven's Quill—Bird of ill Omen. I have News for you that will make more than Amends for all our Difficulties. The Story is long—how shall I shorten it?—by coming directly to Facts.

I happened this Summer at Windsor to become acquainted with a Gentleman, Mr. Manship, who lives in that Neighbourhood—he had been One of the Directors in the East India Company last Year, but was jostled out this Year. The Story is to his Honour—but I would be short.

He is now canvassing against the next Election, with the strongest Probability of Success, and called on me Yesterday, to assure me that if he comes into the Direction, he will send my Son out a *Writer* to India. He came unasked to make this Promise, in order to prevent his being led aside from his Purpose by future Solicitations.

I am

I am sorry to say that such an Instance of voluntary Kindness surprizes me, from its Rarity, especially from One who perfectly understands the Value of the Gift. It is rated at Fifteen hundred Pounds—this I was told by another Person; for he was both too generous and genteel to set any Manner of Value on his Friendship himself.

I know not in what Manner I accepted his friendly Offer, or returned him Thanks upon the Occasion; my Heart was too elate with Joy, and my Mind too replete with Gratitude, to express my Sentiments in any formal Manner.

But no Matter—our worthy Patron sought not for so poor a Return as Thanks, and might see my Acknowledgments in my Eyes. Momus said, that Man had no Window in his Breast; but I say he has Two, which to a good Physiognomist—I might have said *Oculist*—sufficiently reveal the Feelings of the Heart.

I am not telling you an Eastern Tale, I assure you, though I confess that I was all Yesterday in doubt about the Reality of it myself. God grant the worthy Man Success in his present Candidature, and in every Pursuit and Blessing in Life! See how stout I speak behind his Back—I could not say Half of this before him.

If

If this happy Event should obtain, it will be necessary for us to cast about immediately, both for Money and Recommendations, to equip our dear Boy for his *Voyage to the Sun*: This must be your Province, because it requires Activity, and that my poor Head is as completely littered with a Variety of Matters and Things, as any Irish Woman's of your Acquaintance—Pray, are not your Irish Ladies particularly subject to Headaches? Do not call me saucy—I am only dull, with a little Mixture of Jealousy at your too frequent Visits to that Country.

I had a Letter from little B—— lately, long promised and expected—Tell her I shall answer her some time or other before the Year Sixty-nine. My sweet P—— is returned perfectly recovered, and is just as good and amiable as before she went to France, and Ten Times more beautiful.

The *Nabob* sends his Duty to you. Fançon is with her kind Friend at Sunning. These Equinoctial Winds distract me.—Why have you waited for them? No Letter from you since Monday.

Adieu, my Life!

FRANCES.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear FANNY,**Dublin.*

I HAVE just this Minute received your Letter, your *Epaët*, or *Golden Number*; and if you are certain that this is no Arabian Fable, you may see how our old Friend Providence has set itself to work again for us.—The Instance, as you observe, is *rara avis* indeed—it is a *Phœnix* from Araby the blest.

I find myself as much elevated upon this joyful Occasion, as Shakespear was upon the Subject of Henry the Fifth; and cannot resist the Temptation of running a Kind of punning Parody on his Prologue to that Play, crying out

O! for a Muse of Fire, that might ascend

The brightest Heaven of Invention!

All India for a Stage—*Nabobs* to act,

And *Moguls* to behold the swelling Scene!

I shall use every Exertion in my Power to forward this happy Scheme for our Son's Advancement in Life—though what Occasion for my interfering, as he is to go into the very Region of

the Sun, and you can so well supply him with a Letter of Credit on your old Correspondent *Phœbus and Co.*

My Happiness is not so totally swallowed up in myself, but that I can spare a little Joy for my Friends. Old C—— is dead, and after a great deal of mad Caprice and unmerited Cruelty to his Daughter, he has left her a Fortune of about Twenty thousand Pounds—this is an English Article of News, and yet I will hold a Wager that you hear the First of it from me.

I rejoice also in the Account you give me of our dear P——; I am glad she has recovered her Health, and that you have recovered your Friend. Her Charms are not material to her in her present Circumstances; and she has Worth sufficient to render her a Beauty of all Times.

I dined with Lady C——, and I think her Ladyship handsome, sensible, affable, and unaffected. I meditated an Epithalamium on this Occasion the Evening I left them; but after having fully displayed every Happiness in the Marriage State, it looked so like a State of my own Enjoyments, that I thought it would be disingenuous to send it.

It is a charming Place. He has built many noble detached Rooms; and when he can *bring them*

them all together, they will make a Palace.—This is the Way they build in Italy; but alas! we want the Roofing of an Italian Sky. The most has been made of the Ground, by the Contrivance of serpentine Walks and labyrinthian Paths—this may be stiled *travelling much at Home*. To *deceive the Way* is a poetical Expression for making a Road appear short—this Device is, in plain Prose, to lengthen it, which is the Design.

You cannot imagine the Impatience I have to be restored again to my dear Fanny. All Manner of Business long over, the Weather tempting, and a Change to be apprehended—to all which may be added, that I have never been so long parted from you before.

Besides, whether it be that I have lost my Relishes, or others their Allurements, I will not hastily pronounce; but I find my former select Company insipid to me of late—I always liked Women when likeable, better than Men, but even they have failed me.

I have visited all my Haunts in this City with as little Satisfaction as a Ghost.—I remember that Mrs. R—— had been formerly a Favourite of mine—as it could not be for her Uglinefs, I concluded it must have been on account of her Sense, Taste, or Spirit—illiterate and insipid! Well,

Mrs.

Mrs. W—— shall make me Amends—slow, civil, and cool ! but these Rebuffs did not discourage me.—Philosophy is patient of Experiment —I thought I might be sure of One Flirtation at least before I leave the Kingdom. I then put on my best Wig, and strutted away to pay my Devoirs to Mrs. M. but her Beauty is gone, and I have now discovered it to have been her only Merit.—Talkative, vain, and vulgar.

However, I have the Satisfaction to find upon Reflection, that the Failure has not happened on my Part ; for I declare that even the Absence of my dear Fanny is better Company to me than the Presence of the Three Persons I have mentioned—that is, when she does write to me, which is a Pleasure I have not received from her of late, as often as I hoped, wished, or expected.

Adieu, my Love here ! and Life hereafter !

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

ALL my Luggage is shipped, and I am only waiting for a Wind to waft me over to Chester.—Miss G—— and her *Suite* are to sail with me. General H—— has been on Board some other Ship in the Harbour this Week past in the Gout. Not a Breath of Air stirring. There never was such Weather since the Reign of *Halcyon* the last.

I spent Two windless Days this Week at Mr. K——'s about Four Miles off: It is a sweet Villa, on an Eminence over the Liffey—I never saw so lovely, nor so grand a Scene. Any Stretch of that River is a royal Demesne; and a Cottage on any Spot of it becomes a Palace. You know that they are very agreeable People into the Bargain.

Palmerstown was full in my View, which filled me with Reflections: In that Place I had passed my earliest Youth.—I remembered how like an Ideot I then wished to be a Man, which when attained to I most philosophically wished myself a *Child* again; and yet I would not wish to live.

live to the Disgrace of second Childhood, neither,
nec turpem Senectutem degere.

I shall inclose this Letter under Mr. B—'s Cover.—I would not do so if I had any Thing material to communicate to you, which was worth the Postage, or an Hour's more early Intelligence.

There are Three Pacquets just come in before my Face, without a Line from you—and yet I am going over to you (like an old Fool as I am) if the Wind would let me. You see you may have me *for whistling for.*

Adieu! Adieu!

HENRY.

P. S. Write to me at Chester.

LETTER DCCXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

THE Wind in the same Point (or rather no Point) still. I have been looking out of the Window this Half Hour watching the Chimney Smokes, which rise all spiral, like Incense to the Gods.

I have

I have been amusing myself at the same Time with seeing a beggar Boy and Girl very busy in raising a *Monument of Dust*, for the first Blast to disperse. If one were to enter into the Depths of Philosophy upon so trifling an Incident, might it not be asked whether any Queen in Europe is better employed this Instant than the Girl, or any King than the Boy. It is certain that some of them, especially the more *heroic ones*, have often been worse occupied. Let Kings be Kings, and leave me what I am.

A Letter of yours has just swam over to me—no sooner said than done. The Pugets live in Old Broad-Street, I think; and I have got the Bill drawn at the shortest Sight I could. I am pleased that I have now safely delivered it out of my Hands, for upon my Honour, it had a very narrow Escape Three Days ago. My Frailty was assailed, and Resolution tried, I assure you, by a very light, handsome, young married Woman, who came weeping to my Lodgings to borrow so much from me; upon *personal Security*, I suppose, as she had no other to *deposit*.

Had I been Ten Years younger or older, I might perhaps have failed, either through Passion or Weakness; but I am now happily arrived at
that

that Æra of Life, which Philosophers stile *the firm Age*—too old to wanton, and too young to doat.

I am sick of Novel writing at present, or I would tell you more of the Matter; but I shall reserve this Anecdote to amuse you on our First *Tête a Tête*.

Adieu!

HENRY.

P. S. Write still to Chester.

LETTER DCCXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

THE Spirits of the Air are lulled to Rest, and the calm Bosom of the Deep forgets to heave; so I spend all my Loitering between Marino and Clontarf, where I can watch the Wind better than in Town, and feel less Regret also at this Delay.

I am sorry for the Death you mention in your last, though he died better than he had lived.—Your Observation is just—there have been many Instances of what is called a *Lightening before Death*,

Death, of which no Spark had ever appeared during Life—it is not, however, so difficult to be accounted for as you imagine: It is the Organs of the Body only that make the Difference of Souls or Intellect here below, and they begin to exert themselves to their natural Pitch, as they are laying aside the Incumbrance of this mortal Coil.

I do not wonder at your Disgust—If the Event you mention should happen, those Persons will soon render themselves the Objects of public Notice—they seem to have a spirited Ambition to distinguish themselves—those who cannot compass it by Sense and Virtue, may bring it to pass by Vice and Folly—there are who to be *famous* would compound for *Infamy*.

I wrote this Letter Yesterday, though I knew no Pacquet was to sail; I hope One will swim out to Night, for actually, or rather *passively*, there is not Air enough to hoist a Feather this Fifth Day of October.

I dined To-day at Mr. W——'s. Mrs. C—— called in just before I went, and was asked to stay and meet me; but she said she was afraid.—To which Mrs. W—— replied, that if she was not *ashamed*, she need not be *afraid*, as she was very sure that I should not upbraid her for another's Fault.

Her

Her Husband has told the Story as much in his own Favour as Untruth could gloss it—but his Ignominy was so much stronger than his Falsehood, that he is universally condemned, even upon his own *Shewing*, as the Lawyers term it. For he had not *Invention* enough even to *contrive* how a Man of Honesty or Honour should have acted upon such an Occasion.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

THE Wind arose extremely high this Morning; and I confess, I was a little afraid lest it might have been *fair*—because it was so *foul*. However, I was resolved to sail, if the ship would venture; for I have always had a Sort of Superstition, that if ever Fortune should at any Time happen to detect the least Cowardice in me, it would bully me for the Rest of my Life. “It is not in Mortals to command Success.” *But he deserves, I add—who dares.* The Hurricane subsided in about an Hour, and I received no Summons.

I have been reading Rousseau's *Emilius*, or Scheme of Education, this Evening—he is a good Writer, both with regard to Stile and Sentiment, but a great Visionary, and a bold Assertor of Paradoxes. The differing from the general Opinions of Mankind serves often instead of a Reason to him.

This is a Subject I am fond of, and take every Opportunity of speaking upon—in the Series, Triumvirate, Gordian Knot, &c. —I wrote a Paper also, do you remember, to the London Chronicle, upon the same Topic, many Years ago? If you can find either the Print, or the Manuscript, among the *Callimachies*, *Desultoria*, or *Stromatics*, in my Closet, give it to Harry for his Amusement.

I do not know whether it will much recommend me as a Preceptor, to say, that I have from my earliest Days been my own Pupil. But I flatter myself that I shall receive some Honour from my Son's Education, and more too than I am fairly intitled to; as he generally required little more than to give him Knowledge, for he had always a Richness in his Nature that needed no Manure—he was, indeed, from his very Infancy, “to take him for all in all,” just such a Boy as childless Kings would kidnap.

God

God bless him, and his Sister, and his Mother, and all the World—I can never pray partially—this is the Way I always do—I begin with wishing Success to my Wife or Child occasionally, but cannot rest there—I instantly suspect myself of Selfishness, and so add one Friend, then another, and ever conclude my Oraison with the Happiness of all Mankind, past, present, and to come. Amen!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THREE Letters at once from my dear Harry have given me more real Happiness than I have felt ever since I saw him; and the dear Postscript that bids me direct to Chester, would have set me a singing if I had two Crotchets or Quavers in my Compass; but I can with true Delight say,

“The heavy Hours are almost past,

“That part my Love and me,” &c.

I am afraid there is something devilish in my Nature, for I am never Half so good as when I am happy. But though there is an ugly Proverb against me, I am flattered by my own Feelings upon such Occasions, because there is Nothing selfish in them—my Heart overflows with Gratitude to the Author of Good, and with Benevolence to all Mankind.

I have a recent Instance of this Peculiarity of Constitution in me to communicate to you—I had happened to mention your *Eleve* to our very worthy and good-natured Friend Captain Cooke lately, and told him the Difficulty you lay under, after what Manner to throw him into Life and Independence.

Yesterday Morning he came to tell me that he had got him appointed a Cadet in the East India Company's Service, and to go out this very Season.

I was certainly pleased with this Piece of good News, yet felt myself ashamed that I was not more rejoiced at so fortunate an Event—as our dear Arthur Newburgh once lamented his not being sufficiently afflicted for the Earthquake at Lisbon.

But no sooner had I read your Three Letters, than the Advantages of the Boy's Situation and
Prospects

Prospects appeared to me in the strongest Light—and I would scarce suffer Harry to finish his Dinner, before I dispatched him to communicate his own Transports to his happy Friend.

Poor Jack could hardly believe the Intelligence real.—I am very sure that both the Lads shed Tears of Joy. Heaven bless them both!—though Jack is under a Cloud with me at present—but Boys will be Boys—and I endeavour to make my Philosophy like yours—severe only to itself.

And so, Sir, you are coming to me—God bless my dearest Life, and send him safe! If the Wind were fair, the Weather is as serene as myself, and somewhat like me too; it does not indeed breathe the soft Breeze of Spring, nor does it scorch you with the Summer's Heat, yet it both cheers and braces, and though autumnal, hath not yet been checked by the rude Winter's Blast.

There is Vanity for you.—I have a Right to claim a peculiar Resemblance to this Month, as I drew my first Breath in it. I hope you will be here before the Eleventh, or I shall hold no Festival on that Day.

I have this Moment erased a peevish Paragraph out of One of your Letters, repeated your sweet Elegy, gazed on your Picture, and kissed the Name for ever dear to me at the Bottom of your

last Letter. How I pity the Folks who would laugh at me for so fond a Folly!

*Adieu, thou true and only Source of all my
real Joys!*

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCXIX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE made a Discovery this Day, which probably may have been no Secret to you, or the Rest of the World, for some Time past; which is, that I am no longer young—It is unlucky however that I did not find this out Yesterday, as I count a Year or Two more at least this Hour than I did then.

The excessive Fatigue I am sensible of from having been at the King of Denmark's Masquerade last Night, has let me a little into this Mystery. It was Five o'Clock this Morning before I got out of the Haymarket, and then escaped Home at the Hazard of my Life, through flying Chariots, and a gaping and tumultuous Populace.

It is impossible to give you any Idea of the Amphitheatre that presented itself at once on

our

our Entrance.—The Gorgeousness of Habits, and the Galaxy of Jewels that flashed on my Sight, stunned me almost as much as the Glory of *Jove* did the poor unfortunate *Semele*.—I felt no Realities; I trod in Air; and all I saw was Vision—I for a while forgot who I was, where I was, or in what Kingdom of the Globe; and expected, every Moment, to see the Great Mogul make his triumphal Entry at Indostan, at Agra, or Dehli—which is it?—no Matter, I shall soon, too soon, be a perfect Geographer in those far distant Regions, when my dear Boy becomes an Inhabitant of India.

I thought frequently, while I was there, of your Reflections at a Masquerade, expressed in the Character of Carewe in the *Triumvirate**, and did all I could to add a Third Image to your Ideas, but found it impossible. It vexed me to find that you could describe a Scene you had never seen better than I could in the very Midst of it.

Well—I may now say of Masquerades, as the Lord Mayor of London once did of Hunting—I *have been*—for I declare, that if there was to be One every Week for these Twelve Months, I would never go to another—but though this has been both an expensive and a fatiguing Amuse-

ment, I am very well satisfied at having been there, as I should always have imagined it to be a much higher Entertainment than I found it. Even Mrs. P—— and my Son (who are both young enough to relish *Rareeshows*) subscribe to my Opinion.

Toward the latter Part of the Night, the lovely Crewe unveiled, and Jewels were no more—she had none on herself; and when she unmasked there was no longer a Diamond seen in the Room—she was dressed in the Character of a spinning Girl—*simplex munditiis*, to the last Degree—but looked so charming in her Unattire, that one might well have said to the richest female Masque around her, what Death does in the old Ballad, “Fair Lady, lay your costly Robes
“ aside.”

I had the Pleasure of receiving a Letter from you just before I set out last Night, which furnished me with Two Things I much wanted—Money and Spirits. Though was there not a Hint in said Letter that might have abated the latter? But you have only raised my Curiosity, without alarming my Jealousy, by your little Anecdote of the distressed Damsel you mention—for I have the most perfect Confidence in the Constancy and Sincerity of your Affection, without being the least Vain of the Merits of its Object.

This

This Presumption, though a real Truth, would not easily find Credit from a weak, a vulgar, or indelicate Mind.—But “hence ye “Prophane—I hate ye all”—It is to you, and you only, my dear Philosopher, that I venture to reveal the Sentiments of that Heart which is your’s and ever shall be only your’s.

It is exactly Six Months since my dear Fugitive left me. Adieu, et revenez !

FRANCES.

* The Oddness and Variety of the Appearances surprized and diverted me for some Time ; but I soon grew tired of the Farce, and felt myself offended at seeing human Nature so deformed and so disguised. I had no rational Amusement here, for I could neither enjoy Society nor Soliloquy. At One Time I compared myself to Adam, when he had collected together all the Animals of the Creation, to call them Names—at another Time a more serious Image occurred to me of the Last Day, when all the various Nations of the Earth shall be gathered into One Groupe for Judgment.

LETTER DCCXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Par Gate.

I ARRIVED here this Evening with my Seraglio, but rather too late to reach Chester—we had what other People might call a fine Passage, but bad is the best to me. The whole Cargo are going to Supper, and I to Bed, as soon as I have drank a Bowl of Tea, and finished this Paragraph of Intelligence.

I am vexed at my Stupidity now, in not desiring you to direct your Letters hither, as I should receive them so much the sooner—though if they were now lying before me, I could not indulge myself in the Pleasure of answering any Part of them, as the Room turns round with me at present, and I cannot hold my Head down to the Paper for another Line.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Chester.

WE all arrived here this Morning, and shall Caravan it up to London together. I received the Pleasure of a Letter from you here, which has given me a good Appetite to my Breakfast, better than the Two Days fasting I sustained on Board.

The Account you give me of my young Man's Appointment has afforded me infinite Satisfaction. An Officer who came over with me, and had served several Years in India, assures me that he would more readily accept of such a Nomination for his Son, than an Ensign's Commission at Home.

The young Fellow has both Sense and Spirit, and I doubt not the Success for him which I so sincerely wish him. What a desirable Event it would be if we shall be able to get him and our own dear Boy stationed in the same District together in Asia! you see I speak of Prospects as Possessions—but a Confidence in Providence is not Presumption.

Do not be alarmed about the different Sensations you felt upon this Occasion, they are natural to the most benevolent Dispositions—the Happiness of others relieve a good deal our own Uneasinesses, but then these again are apt considerably to damp our Joy at such a Crisis. When we are happy ourselves, then only we feel the whole *Momentum* of another's Felicity.

I am sorry it is not in my Power to be with you on your Anniversary, as this is the very Day; so that you must carnival it alone for the present; and we will celebrate a *Gala* upon this happy Occasion, as soon as we meet together—till then adieu, my dearest Life,

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCXXII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

On a Journey.

HOW does my dearest Harry? I hoped to have had a Line before this, that would have answered that Quere, though I doubt whether your telling me that you are well could abate my
Anxiety

Anxiety on account of your Health—I well know you feel much more Tenderness for me than for yourself, and would in that Particular deceive me into a State of Tranquillity—Quelle charmante ruse d'amour !

I am impatient to know how you *travailed* through your Journey—such a Companion as yours threatened to be, must render the tedious Way more weary. I have just now been able to account for what you have often been so kind to compliment me upon—my being an excellent Traveler.—You have always been the Companion of my Journies, and made the Highways as well as the sequestered Paths of Life, cheerful and pleasing to me. We may certainly be amused by those we love, even in Pain and Sicknes—how much easier then must it be to divert the Attention, and render us insensible to the slighter Privation of any temporary Enjoyments ?

The Days since you left me, have been long and cold—this *Transit* of Venus has the same Effect on the Weather which it is supposed it will have on female Constitutions. But what will become of such frail Mortals, when her amorous Starship shall come flaming forth from the torrid Embraces of Phœbus ever bright and ever young ! But perhaps she may then pass for a Patroness of

Chastity, as having sustained the *Fire ordeal*—perhaps that Prude Diana too may be inclined to resign her Province to her, as it is possible she may be *lassé de son metier* (as Rochefaucault expresses himself) by this Time, and willing to retire for a few Centuries to an agreeable *Tête à Tête* with *Endymion* on the Top of Mount *Latmus*.

The present Week has passed away in Dissipation, but I intend to be very diligent the next; and both you and I have such an Application to Business, when once we set about it, that we may almost be said to *recover lost Time*—if we cannot make it stay, we can at least call it back again.

Your Children are well, and present their Love and Duty to you, and so does your ever fond and faithful Wife

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCXXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My dear FANNY,

Daventry.

WE got to St. Albans last Night; soon after our Arrival, a Gentleman sent in his Compliments to desire Places for his Wife and himself in our Coach as far as Colehill—no
Name

Name was mentioned. My Partner refused, as he chose to accommodate Part of our Luggage with the surplus Room. Immediately after Captain B—— entered to enforce his Request; but the sturdy Cit still refused—I would have complied, though it might have been some Inconvenience—you know my Way. But as I considered my Fellow Traveller as Principal in the Journey (he having taking the Trouble of providing and bargaining for the Carriage) I acquiesced in his Determination—he is a Person in Trade, and considering myself in C^o, I could not think of admitting a Partner without mutual Consent—I am sorry for this Event, because it may happen to give Offence where I did not intend one.

I neither breakfasted nor dined Yesterday or To-day. I am now writing for my Supper, and amusing Hunger by writing to you—while my Companion is relating the whole Story of Lord B—— and Miss W——, upon which Trial he was, it seems, a principal Agent, as a voluntary Friend to the injured Party, and to support the Honour of the City.

It was extremely unkind of my Disorder to attack me, after so long an Interval of Ease, just at the Time I hoped, and more particularly wished, to have left you in full Health, the better to support

port our Parting. But this Weather will not suffer any One to remain in Vigour. Air is the Spring of Life, and when Summer turns to Winter, even young People must of course become old. Every Person under *this* Sun must expect to feel the Effects of Age.

I am complaining of bad Weather at the present Writing, and you may perhaps happen to read my Letter while you are rejoicing in good—this may be like the Expressions of Grief, which appear immoderate to those who are not suffering under the same Impressions.—You see that I cannot refrain from making Reflections—but you will excuse them, as they are only upon *Things*—not *Persons*, my dear *Anti-Censor*.

I am, thank God, much better than when I left London, with regard to the Pain in my Stomacher; but not able to lift my Hand to my Head with the Rheumatism.—However, you may see that I am able to lay it on my Heart, by subscribing myself, my dearest Fanny, your truly affectionate Husband,

HENRY.

*Blessings to our Children—and Love to those
we love.*

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Chester.

HERE is to your Health.—Dulness, Fatigue, and I, arrived here together time enough for a regular Dinner Meal.

My Arm is in a most helpless and agonizing State, particularly at Night—as soon as I grow warm in Bed, my old Man's Pains exceed the Childbed ones—a poor Comparison! I cannot turn myself in Bed, which you know is a grievous Thing to such a restless Sleeper as I am. I am forced now to do a Nights, what I have done all my Days—not to *shift Sides*. I want some Body, indeed I do, to turn me now, and to turn to also.

What surprizes me is, that my left Arm is as well as ever, and gives itself the Airs of a right One now.—That Two equal Members of the same Body, twined together in the same Womb, and nourished by the same Food, should be subject to such different Humours and Dispositions! —Here recollect your Quere to me, on a similar Subject, in the First Volume of our Letters*—

* Letter XXXVI, Paragraph 2.

This

This is not to be accounted for physically—let us try how the Difficulty of it can be discussed in Morals.

Perhaps—no doubt of it—that this same right—say *wrong* Hand of mine, has been the greater Sinner of the Two—it was this Hand that wrote the ensnaring Billet-doux—it was this Hand that fixed the Assignment—it was this Hand——In fine, it was this Hand that spooned the Turtle, that carved the Venison, that drew the Cork, that filled the Bumper, and that emptied the Flask—to your Health, rather than to my own.

While this honest left Hand of mine was never guilty of any such Manœuvres—nor ever shall, the poor dear innocent Member—for I shall still preserve its Purity; and according to Scripture, it shall never know what my right Hand doeth—or rather hath done. For here is my Hand to you (I may safely stake my Heart too) it never shall be a Delinquent more.

Thus, then you may see, my dearest —— I want a Word—Language wants it—to express my Sentiment toward you—how fully intitled I am to the Character I boasted lately of myself, o being the happiest Creature alive—for when my Health or Fortunes fail me, I can make a Sport, even of my Losses or my Pains. And it is not
impos-

impossible perhaps, but that I may at length be able to laugh them both so much out of Countenance, that they shall be ashamed ever to shew their Faces in my Company again.

How much to be pitied are those People who have unhappily encouraged such an Impatience in themselves, as is apt to resent all the Ills of Life, as personal Indignities ; who are angry, rather than sorry, at Misfortunes, and feel affronted at a Tooth-ach, as if they had received a Slap on the Chops.

My Blessing to our Children—I pray this most fervently ; and yet I am One of the few who love another Man's Child better than their own—for I am much fonder of your Father's Daughter than ever I was of mine.

Adieu, my Life and Love !

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

YOUR Letter from Chester gave me both Pain and Pleasure.—I feel for your present Sufferings, but at the same Time rejoice that you have had some Respite from the more dangerous Malady. I am no great Philosopher, and perhaps feel the Pressure of almost every Evil, even in the Extreme, yet I have been all my Life superior to simple Pain, while unconnected with what Physicians are pleased to dignify with the Title of the Noble Parts.—But I am apt to sink under the slightest Ailment in the Head, Breast, or Stomach—while I have seen you most stoically rise above the Pains of them all at once.

I know you love Paradoxes, and I really think that all this *Fortitude* must be owing chiefly to the Greatness of your *Sensibility*—for those whose Tears are most ready to flow for others, seldom shed many for themselves.

“ To each his Sufferings—all are Men,

“ Condemn’d alike to moan :

“ The Tender for another’s Pain ;

“ The Unfeeling for their own.”

This

This is not only sweet Poetry, but sound Philosophy too—I hope and believe.

What admirable Resources does your triumphant Spirit still supply you with!—when the natural Means fail, you can “elaborate an artificial” Happiness from Pains.”—Your Distinction between your right Hand and your left, puts me in Mind of the poor Prisoner in the Bastile, who amused himself with setting them to play at Chess with one another.

I dined To-day with our dear R——, at her Uncle P——’s; in the Evening we came to P——, in whose Study I am now scribbling away to *your Father’s dear Son*—but I feel myself cramped. I am like the Priest who could read in no Book but his own—at least, I never write with Half the Ease, Pleasure, or Spirit, that I do at Home. But though the Powers of my Mind may be influenced by local Objects, the Feelings of my Heart are the same in all Places, and at all Times—I shall therefore ever remain with the truest and tenderest Affection yours, whilst I am

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXVI.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

NO Letter from my Harry since Wednesday !
 —Surely the poor dear Arm is not the Cause of his Silence. You deal too hardly with him—recounting all his Faults, without recording his Merits—this may be what he resents, and has made him forget his Cunning. That Arm has often pressed me to thy Heart ; has ever expressed the kind and tender Effusions of conjugal Affection ; and soothed, and sooths still the Irksomeness and Pangs of Absence :—That Arm has oft relieved the Poor, the Friendless, and ministered Comfort to thy sorrowing Friends. Go to—go to—you deal severely with him.

This is our dear Boy's Birth-day—be it ever blessed by me ! and may he ever have Reason to bless it ! If ever Woman had Cause to rejoice that *a Man was born into the World*, I surely have—indeed, he is a most excellent Creature—and yet I am sending him from me ! Why this but shews my Love the more—preferring him to myself.—How hard the Conflict, and how long the Interval ! I shall never—no—never cease to rejoice

at his going, nor to lament his Absence—no more.

Adieu !

FRANCES.

P. S. I have just this Minute received a Card from your late Fellow Traveller, who has, it seems, been returned back to Town these Two Days ; and says, that he had promised to acquaint me he had left you well (except in Pain) at Chester, which accounts for your not writing last Post. He was rather late in his Advice.

LETTER DCCXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

By an Amanuensis.

My dear FANNY,

Chester.

I HAVE not an Hand to convey my Heart to you, therefore I have been forced to borrow one. I was obliged to put a Blister on my Arm soon after I wrote my last Letter to you—this has rather increased the Pain ever since, and has completely disabled me for the present from either writing or riding.

But,

But, thank God, all my Disorder has been only Pain, which I bear the better as it is all my own. I dread nothing but Danger, because in that you are a Sharer. I cannot convey an Idea of the Irksomeness of my being *handcuffed* so long, except by desiring you only to conceive Mrs. B—— being *Tongue-tied* for a Week.

A Joke is enough to convince you that I am not only alive, but in Pain too, according to Mr. F——'s Remark on me.—I would go on for a Sentence or Two more in the same *Strain*, but that my Amanuensis seemed to look at me, on dictating the last Paragraph, as if he apprehended that my Pain and Want of Rest had rendered me a little light-headed.

My Blessing to my Children, my Love to you, and my Breakfast to myself.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Chester.

I AM, thank God, at length released from the *Bastile*, though not yet perfectly restored to the free Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper.—I write still in Pain what you must read with Difficulty—*si vis me flere*—ask Harry.

Last Night was the First Time that I have taken off my Cloaths since I came to this Town; —I could not sleep, and haunted my Chamber in Agony all Night—what Rest, or rather Respite, I had, was by raving Dozes in my Chair by Day—the Blister relieved me not, but rather “to Pain “new Pangs imparted.” Three strong Potions of *Guaiacum* in the Substance with large Potations of *Opium* (though unavailing in the first Instance of inducing Sleep) taken every Twenty-four Hours, with little Food and less Wine, have enabled me just to crawl and scrawl.

I went out in a Post-chaise for an Hour this Morning, to try if I could bear the Journey, and think I may be able to travel, though *en travail*, To-morrow, when I purpose to set out for the

Head; and if my right Hand does not again *forget its Cunning*, you shall hear from me on the Road. You may see by the last Expression that I have received a Letter from you here.

I got my Fellow Traveller to write an Account of my Situation to Mr. F——, as an Apology for my not going over with that Expedition which perhaps his Business with me may require—but I believe that he must have *given me over*, as soon as he read the Letter, for I could not prevail on the *sober Citizen* to throw the least humorous Image into his Manuscript.—“ Lord, Sir, said he, are
“ you not making an Apology to your Friend for
“ not being able to attend his Summons?—Now
“ such a Paragraph as you dictate must make
“ him imagine that you are only *shamming*
“ *Sickness*, like an idle School-boy.—Why, Sir,
“ if he has the least Tendernefs for you, he
“ must drop Tears when he reads my Letter—
“ your’s would only set him a laughing.”

These were his very Words, and they had good Sense in them, as he did not know my Manner—which as it is not only singular, but I believe peculiar, I did not attempt to explain to him. So I suffered the Letter to go to the Post, as if it had been wrote from the *Counter*; and I fear that F—— will think the dismal Billet was

penned by an Executor, and may plead the Statute of *Mort-main* against it.

This same Person is a very different Sort of Man from me indeed (*without a Joke*) for though he had set out for Ireland to transact a Business of Consequence, and receive a considerable Balance of Account, he returned back again to London the Day after we arrived here, upon finding himself a little *disordered*—but whether in his Stomach (as he pretended) or his Head, I shall leave to the Reader. He was not the *Amanuensis* I employed to you.

I did not think of penning Thrèe Lines to you when I sat down to this Paper; but I write always to you without Thought, my Heart saves me the Labour of Reflection.

Adieu, my Life: God blefs you and your Children.—Let Harry have his Triumph—tell him he plays better on the Fiddle than I can, at present. Love to the Rest of the Coterie—I remembered B—— in my last.

Your fond, faithful, and confiding Husband,

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCXXIX.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I NEVER was so shocked in my Life, as when I received my dearest Harry's Letter written by another Hand.—I should certainly have got out of Bed (for there I happened to be confined by the most violent Cold) and set out for Chester that Moment, if the same Post had not kindly brought me another, dated Two Days later, and written by yourself.

Thank God, I did not receive the First in due Time—the Delay has saved me a World of Misery, Hazard, and Fatigue. I have often lamented, but never before rejoiced, at the being prevented from hearing from you. O my Love! what shall I suffer till I know you are well and safe landed!

There is surely a strong Sympathy in our Constitutions, as well as in our Minds—how often have we been both ill at the same Time in different Parts of our World—this ought to be a mutual Tie on both to attend to the Preservation of our Healths—and, indeed, I will never make you ill again by any Carelessness of myself.

My

My Cold affects me in the same Manner with the one I got at Sea. I cannot move, or breathe, without suffering Pain—every Nerve and Muscle of my poor slight Frame is relaxed—but away with Complaining, and let us both be well as soon as possible.—I say done first.

You beat Scarron all to nothing—he was only merry in Pain, but you are witty also—I should be quite content if I were able barely to imitate his Philosophy—I would rather be in Possession of that Faculty, than of his Wife's Fame. However, I really think that I am taking my Degrees in his School of late, for I find that I can *bear* a great deal better (I do not mean Children) than I used to do.

This is my first Attempt at a *Scarronade*—but as John Moody says, *a canna haud it*—nor the Pen neither—I must, therefore, bid my dearest Life adieu, and set about making us both well without further Loss of Time.

FRANCES.

L E T T E R DCCXXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Holywell.

I WAS returned from whence I came Yesterday —the Motion of the Chaise would have made me faint, if my Heart would have suffered it. The forcing my blistered Arm into my Coat-sleeve had hurt me : I had worn nothing but my Surtout over my Vest for Ten Days before, both Night and Day.

I made an Attempt again this Morning, but on Horseback ; for I am not yet able to bear the Jerks and Joltings of a Carriage : I have travelled these Eighteen Miles with tolerable Ease, but at a tolerable easy Rate also—about Two Miles an Hour.

They are Cousen B——'s Horses and Servant I have borrowed, or rather *lent to myself*, for this Journey—pray tell him so ; and that I took up my Abode at his House for the last Five or Six Days I staid. What an Exchange !—from a dirty Garret, noisy House, bad Food, worse dressed, and no Attendance, especially after I was obliged to leave off Wine—to be *transported* to a neat

neat clean House, where quiet and sweet Air reigned, and Two of *the Centurion's* Servants, a Cook and Groom obeyed. It actually cured me in Half the Time—perhaps saved my Life, for I began to feel One mortal Symptom about me, that I grew impatient.

I had no Amusement during my Confinement, but what I made out of myself, or rather Half of myself. I could not write, but I read and mused, and mused and read, for Variety, by Turns. I knew a sensible lively young Woman in the Town, and begged my Life of her, but she returned me the inclosed *Billet-amer*—this was perhaps being more prudish than even *the Strictness of these Times* need have exacted.

But I was made Amends by a Miss S. P——, a good-humoured agreeable Girl, who came to see me Twice, and sent her Father to offer me his Service—she is a great Friend to that House, and heard of a sick Cousen confined there. I lent her your Novel; she carried it off with Joy, but returned it with Tears.

At Sight, please to pay to Captain B——, or Order, the Sum of Three Guineas Sterling, which I was obliged to borrow from Mr. B—— here. I send you a Receipt for One of them to put on the File, though *filing* of Guineas is

againſt the Law—but if we go on *ſling* our Gold at this Rate, we may be reduced, like the Cat in the Fable, to *lick the File* ourſelves at laſt. And ſo I file off for a while to eat a Bit of Welch Runt.

I have done it, as Mr. Belmont ſays *, or rather had ſoon done with it, for it was moſt *fryingly* overdone—however, you know my uſual Grace upon ſuch Occaſions †. The Cook came in to *juſtify* herſelf (for the Welch never condeſcend to an *Excuse*) take that, my little *ap Shenkin*. I told her that if ſhe was to be roasted before as hot a Fire in the next World as ſhe had placed my poor Loin of Mutton at, ſhe would never ſtop at Purgatory.—Hur ſputtered out of the Room, ſaying, hur is wicked Shentlemans, and great Scold. I am comforting myſelf with a Bumper of Wine—to Fanny and her Children, which is the Firſt Glaſs I have drank theſe Ten Days.

Did you ever ſee ſuch a Summer ! You ſaid at the Beginning of it, that this Sort of Weather would ſhorten it extremely—but it has only ſhortened the Days to lengthen the Nights. I, even I have never been without a Fire ſince *we parted*. This Expreſſion has funk my Spirits. It was

* In the Comedy of the *Double Miſtake*.

† Vol. iv. of the Series, Page 238, Paragraph 5.

an irksome Thing to be so long confined *so near you* — another provoking Circumstance is, that not expecting to overtake me on the Road, many of your dear Letters are gone on before me to Ireland.

Here I might frame a true Ovidian Epistle in the Stile of the *Faux Brillants*, by observing, that we might be *nearer* were we not *so nigh*, with many other Conceits of the same Kind—which, though my Writings perhaps too much abound with, could find no Place here, as the Love I bear my dearest Fanny is not only above *Conceit*, but beyond *Conception* too.

There are (I blame them not) who think such a Passion as mine to be not in Nature—I should think so myself, if I did not *feel* it. Foppery could never have sustained an *Etiquette* of this Kind so long—And why should I merely court you? You are not my *Patron*—but my *Pattern*.

Here now I seem to be exceeding into the very Stile I have been just reprehending—but when the Mind is gay, the Imagination grows warm, and is apt to be overheated into such a *Pruriency* as this.

I cannot drink this Wine.—Here, Joseph, rub well and litter your Master's Horses—and quaff off this Bottle. Order in some Tea, and see my Sheets well aired.

Adieu, my Life ! I am tired, and must quit the painful Pleasure of writing to you, for the stupid Ease of lolling in my Chair. Good Night, sweet Love !

HENRY.

CONWAY.

I missed the Post at Holywell, and have brought on my Letter hither — a great Second Day's Journey, and well performed—Mending, I think, thank God !

Adieu !

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My fond and constant IDEA,

Bangor.

I HAD but just Time to postscript you at Conway last Night. I was tired, and completely wet from Abergavenny to that Stage, Twelve Miles : It rained incessantly ; I could not *put on* (as the Jockey Phrase is) the Pain in my Arm rendered brisk Motion painful to me—so that at the Rate of but Two Miles an Hour, I stood *the Pelting of that perilous Storm*, as Lear says,

says, and in the same Situation also—in my lost Kingdom—Though you have often disputed that Point with me whose it was. But you have generally evaded the Test of the *true Prince*, by going with me to the Tower, and referring the Decision to the Lions there.

Indeed you did take me at my Word on the first Proposition of this Argument—but then there was not a Lion in the whole Kingdom of Ireland.—Besides, you might have placed a further Confidence in the Superstition of that Animal, as you were then a *Maid*. But I now beg Leave to throw myself at your Majesty's royal Feet, and acknowledge myself your Vassal only ; for *Ich Dien* has been long since my Motto, with regard to you—and shall ever remain so.

In all my Wet and Distress I could not help being struck with the Beauty of the Landscape just coming in sight of Conway.—Look there, Joseph, said I, in a Rapture, see that Prospect—Yes, Master, said he, I think we have *reached our Stage* at last. He had no more Idea of the View than his Horse.—There are Millions of Men as *unaffected* as he at such Things ; and who give Poetry, or the Classics, no Merit, but for what little *Sense* there is in them.

I had never come to the Town on that Side before. By Tullacavan Ferry is the usual Route—by this Means I lost my Way Three or Four Times, and whenever I had an Opportunity of inquiring it, I was only answered *dame Sasnic*.—Now the Name of Conway is the same in Welch as in English; and what could they imagine I meant by speaking of it to them with a Look of Inquiry, and Face of Distress? *Dame Sasnic*—no, not a Hand, a Finger, would they stretch out to point to the Right or Left, though I made every expostulating Gesture imaginable myself, to lead them into it. *Dame Sasnic*—I could have given them *Arsenic*, with all my Heart.

Some Philosopher says, that Brutes would come to Reason if they had the Advantage of Speech—this I deny, for Parrots never arrive at it. However the Welch—you see what a Passion I am in—seem to be Instances of this Hypothesis; for they appeared wholly void of Reason, because we had not a common Speech between us for the Communication of Ideas. They would have made but bad Egyptians, as Hieroglyphicks would be totally unintelligible to them; they would make as bad Frenchmen, or Italians also, who converse more by *Semæology* than by Dialogue. A Shrug is one of their *Parts of Speech*, and expresses

presses some Things which their sterile Languages want Words for.

Why then—I am in an Hell of a Temper I find this Morning, abusing so many Nations—what have the French and Italians done to provoke me?

An Incident has just happened to amuse me—Joseph brought me a Card, with this Quere in it.
 “ A Gentleman will be obliged to Mr. G——,
 “ if he will let him know who wrote the follow-
 “ ing Song, and upon whom :

“ Kitty beautiful and young,
 “ And wild as Colt untam'd, &c.”

“ He thinks it was Gay, upon Lady Catharine
 “ Hyde, afterwards Dutchess of Buccleugh.”

A N S W E R.

“ The Song was wrote by Prior, and the
 “ Dutchess of Queensborough was the Theme.”
 —There was a Guinea Bet upon it.—Am I right?

Well, this Day has made me Amends—it was a fine One. I pass'd the Sands, where I was once cast away—you would have fancied that Pactolus had just flow'd over the Strand : The Sun shone

so bright, that every Grain of Sand became a Particle of gold Dust. Had L—— been there, he would have stiled it the *Guinea Coast*, and so indeed would Swift himself in One of his Humours.

Listen to the Generation of a Thought—those stupendous Excrescences of Nature, Pelion upon Ossa heaped, occasioned me to reflect on the several great Works of Genius that have appeared in the World: The *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, naturally occurred to me—I thought of the Campaign also—*magna parvis*. Addison's Fame arises from his periodical Papers in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*—here he is inimitable. In his other Writings far surpassed.

His Campaign, which called for, would have inspired, and have afforded a *Latitude* to Genius, betrays rather the *Longitude* of it: It is prolix and heavy; it is not the Work of Nature; it is not the Mount *Athos*; it is but the Idea of Dinocrates * *neatly* executed: His famous Simile in that Poem which I rather stile infamous: “So when
“an Angel by divine Command, &c.” *Well pleased* to execute horrid Vengeance, if only parcelled out among the Three great Epics above-mentioned, would have been sufficient to have

* This was the puny Architect, who proposed to Alexander the shaping that *Mountain* into the Form of a *Man*.

damned them all. No Flight of Poetry, nor Inspiration itself—but such a Sentiment was never inspired—could have supported a Work against so shocking an Expression. One would fancy he was describing Tisphoné, Alecto, or Megæra, in that Passage, instead of an Angel.—How much better an Opinion had Sterne of such a Being, in the Story of *Le Fevre*?—“The accusing Angel flew up to Heaven with the Oath, and the recording One in entering it down *dropt a Tear upon the Page, and blotted it out for ever.*”

Have a little Patience. My Paper you see is just at an End—but is that a Reason why I should have done? Works of Supererogation have their Merit, they say, in Religion—Religion is Love; and so beginneth the Fifth Page.

But how to fill it?—I have no Letter of your's to answer. I want my Notes—I want my Heads—O! I want my Heart.

Player. Mr. Bays, we have no white Paper for the Shower.

Bays. No matter—snow Brown then.

Henry. Please to observe me in *a brown Study*, now.

Just after I had passed by Penman-maur this Morning, the most lovely Scene imaginable opened upon

upon me; Hills and Dales covered with green Fields and rich Plantations—Here succeeded a Train of different Ideas from those which the Augustness of the Objects I had just left behind had before inspired me with; which from the quick Succession of the Images produced a proportionate Effect. Here I was brought Home again to real Life. My Fanny became the Dryad of these Groves, and my Children the Fauns and Sylvans of the Plains.

But then, the great, the vast, the miraculous Objects I had just past, had so enlarged the Area of my Mind, that I did not find sufficient Furniture here to occupy the full Extent of it. The Bedside and the Fireside, indeed, needed no Addition. But the *Grande Sale*, the state Apartments, were empty. The present Scene possessed the *beautiful*, but wanted the *sublime* of the former.

When One has got into their *Altitudes* it is not safe to descend precipitately—but here there is no Danger of falling, while you are in Contemplation; for *Penman* and *Parnassus* lie between the same Parallels.

I met with a Book here, intituled *Mona antiqua restaurata*, or the Antiquities of the Isle of *Anglesey*, the antient Seat of the British Druids:

It is an ingenious and a learned Work—among the Subscribers, I met with your Father's Name. Hur plood was up, I dare say, upon the Honour there paid to hur Country.

I was surprized not to find a Lord Anglesey in the Catalogue, though there happened to have been One of that Title, who was a Man of Letters, and by way of Contra-distinction in his *Line*, was stiled, *the Witty Lord Anglesey*. The Thomond Race were characterized after the same Manner by One Interloper who unluckily *disgraced the Genealogy*. — But it is a fine Thing to be a Lord !

I am going to Bed, which is more than you will do probably these Five Hours yet.

Good Night.

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Holyhead, Mrs. Arthor's.

BUT let us now take leave of *Bangor*, where I lay last Night, and am at length arrived at the *Cape Finis-Terre* of this *Ultima Thulé*.

The sweet Cambrian Lyre has been *warbling its native Wood-notes wild* this Hour past. There was One Tune played just now which caught my Ear—I inquired the Name of it, it is called *Sweet Henry*—had it been stiled *Sweet Fanny* (Tautology) I would have noted it down: But I grew soon weary of myself—I can make no Harmony alone, and want *the other little Tune* with you, to complete the Concert.

* * * * *

Though I seem to write with great Fluency at present, I have not recovered the *Dexterity* of my right Hand yet—it has not helped me to one

Morsel

Morsel this Fortnight, nor raised a Glass of Wine to my Lips; it has neither pruned my Beard, nor been able to supply me with one Pinch of Snuff—but I forgive it all these lesser Offices, since it has left me at Liberty to write to you.

The Loss of this Limb (which I had lately so much Reason to apprehend) shocked me in a peculiar Manner.—I dreaded lest I might not perhaps have loved you so well, after such a Misfortune, as before. What an inert Chaos must my Life have been, without this quickening Spirit *moving on the Face of the Waters!* The warm Effusions of the Soul, which are the Exercise that preserve the Health and Vigour of Passion, are not to be conveyed through the cold Medium of an Amanuensis. When I speak to you, I would have no other Person by—it damps my Ardour: It is Speech only, not Sentiment.

I have discharged Joseph and the Horses, which are now setting off for Chester. I like them both so well that I would carry them over with me to Ireland, if I thought Captain B—— would remain any Time in London. Erasmus borrowed a Palfrey from Sir Thomas More, to convey him as far as Dover; but liking his Gaits he shipped him off with himself to the Continent. He made his Apology in a Couple of humorous Distichs—
they

they were in Latin, and I am not in an Humour of translating. A Stanza was the Price of a Horse in those Days—in the present Times, an epic Poem would not purchase the Saddle.

Will the Man never have done prating, you will cry. You will have the same Reason to wish me lame again, as the Father had in *Le Medecin malgré lui*, to wish his Daughter dumb. So I shall take leave of you in a Paragraph or Two more, and that for my own Sake, as well as your's.

I had like to have had no Dinner To-day. Abbess *Arthur* has got a Coadjutrix here—she is a smart Dame. I ordered some Fish, and she told me there was none but *flat Fish*.—I said, that Whales were flat; she replied that she was not used to be so spoken to, and missed out of the Room. It seems they have nothing here but Flounders, and I was supposed to have known it.

However I have just dined, drank your Health, and blessed my Children. I did an extraordinary Thing also (for the First Time in my Life) I filled up a Glass and drank my own Health too—this was not selfish. My Sentiments always communicate themselves with you. I love myself still the better, the more I love you.

“ Whether

“ Whether Disorder, or long Want of Use,
“ Hath wrought my Mind to this—I cannot say,
“ But Port is now become unpleasing to me.”

I will not venture to run a Parody on the Rest
of Zanga’s Speech, because I am just stepping on
Board. Adieu, my Gale through Life !

Adieu !

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCXXXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

BEFORE we parted, my dearest Harry de-
fired me not to write one Melancholy or
dispirited Letter to him. Did he then know
that he should be ill on the Road—that I should
receive an alarming Account of his Disorder, and
not hear from him again for a whole Week ?
This is my present State. I will not say that I am
unhappy, but fear I have Cause to be so. One
short Line from the *Head* would have made me
otherwise.

My

My Spirits are very weak. My dear Boy is to go to India in October. I have an heavy Cold on me. Indeed, my Love, I cannot write as I could wish to you at present. I hope I shall have Reason to be in better Spirits by next Post—till then, my Heart's best Treasure, my more than Life,

Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCXXXIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

My dearest HARRY,

THE constant Anxiety I have suffered for this Fortnight, has weakened my Mind so extremely, that I am almost afraid of writing to you, lest

“I should indulge the Woman in my Soul,
“And give a Loose to Tears and to Complainings.”

That you have suffered much I too well believe, but sure I am that I have suffered more: The Mind feels stronger than the Body—the
immortal

immortal Part of us must certainly have the higher Sensibility. I lament my not having followed my First Impulse, which was to have set out for Chester the Moment I received your First Letter from thence. I should have seen you, I should have held you in my Arms, and bathed your poor tortured Arm with those Tears that have flowed here in vain. Prudence or Thought should never interfere where the Affections are concerned—they marr all the fond, the tender, the delightful Purposes of the Heart. I will listen no more to their cold Counsels.

I had felt myself much inclined to like Miss —— from your former Account of her.—I cannot bear her now. Prudery (which is even worse than Prudence) dictated the Coyness of her Billet. I am persuaded she will die an old Maid, and pine with Envy at seeing Miss P—— happily married.

You know, and I am sure I need not remind you of it, that our dear Harry goes to India in October, and surely you will see him before he sails to so distant a World. His Application to his Studies is the most remarkable Thing I ever knew in my Life. Though French and Book-keeping are the only necessary Branches of Knowledge he has any Thing to do with in his present Scheme

Scheme of Fortune, he reads his Classics with the same Earnestness still as if he was to enter an University. He allows himself but Four Hours Sleep, and I am really afraid he will hurt his Health, as he is extremely subject to Head-achs. Indeed he is the best disposed and most affectionate Child breathing.

I hope you will indulge me so far as to bathe in the Sea as soon as your Arm is healed from the Blister. There is no other Cure so safe and certain for the Rheumatism. Shocking Weather indeed we have ! but it suits both the Gloominess of my Mind, and the Badness of my Constitution. I can bear either Sickness or Sorrow better in cold Weather, than in hot ; and I feel less the Irksomeness of being confined in London, in this Sort of *mild Winter*, than I should do if the Sun was galloping through the Zodiac at the Rate which the Almanac Makers direct, and scorching us, because it is June, from One of the burning Signs.

But, indeed, I feel too much of inward Uneasiness to be extremely affected with outward Causes. Tell me, my Love, that you are well and happy, and I shall not care Sixpence whether the Sun is indulging himself in the soft Arms of Virgo,

Virgo, or struggling to get free from the rude Grasp of Leo's Paws.

My Cold is much better, but my Stomach extremely out of Order. I have a Side too—no Matter—if my poor Heart were at Ease, I think I could despise the painful Sensations which arise from any of these vulgar Parts. Haste then, my Life, to remove my greatest Pain, by telling me that your's has ceased.

Your Children present their affectionate Duty, and all who know you as they ought, their Love. What then is left for me? that which surpasses them all! the true, the tender Fondness of a faithful Wife.

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCXXXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

MY dearest Harry's lively and affectionate Letter from the Land's End gave me the sincerest Transport; for though you are Philosopher enough to sport for a Time in Pain, I think it must be impossible even for you to be uniformly cheerful under the Pressure of continued Suffering;

and I can critically distinguish between your natural Spirit and Gaiety, and that Kind of *Badinage* which seems meant to supply the Place of Sighs and Groans, and is as it were extorted from you on the Rack.

Travelling must certainly be a pleasanter Exercise to you than to any other Mortal, for a barren Mountain, or a fruitful Vale become equally the Objects of your Contemplation, and seem to furnish your Mind with Reflections both moral and entertaining. How hard it is that I cannot enjoy those *Impromptus* of Imagination on the First Impression, but must wait for the Tedioufness of a Second Edition before I can receive the Pleasure of them.

But pray, my good *sentimental Traveller*, do not you perceive that you are apt to err a little now-and-then into the *Shandean* Path? This is an unpardonable Deviation in you, to whom these little Frisks and Curvets are by no Means necessary. Wit should be like a managed Horse in the Hands of a skilful Rider. But, alas! I have seldom known a *Pegasus* that has not sometimes run away with the Bridle.—For shame, my Harry—the Fault of all your Writings is too much Fancy—but, in such Instances, believe me, that Fancy always *passes Beauty*.

I have

I have no News to send you, and therefore inclose One of the public Papers to you. I think that the *political Pictures* are well drawn. I do not much admire the *Books*—but read and judge for yourself.

Your Friend il Cavalero Richardo di B—— was here this Morning, and I have just sent him off to Newgate.—Do not be alarmed; it was upon an Errand that does Honour to his Humanity—in favour of a poor unfortunate Foreigner, who has been led into a dangerous Misadventure.—I took the Hint from a Story in the Newspaper.

I have not heard a Word from G—— B——, or his Associates, since you left London. They stared at me Once among the London Signs, and have passed me by ever since without any farther Curiosity. If I were not turned of Five-and-twenty, I should wonder at such an unkind Neglect; but I have not been subject to Surprize since that *Æra*.

Captain B—— has been to see me, and I have paid him the Money you desired.—I like him extremely. Do you know that I never was in Company with him that he did not remind me of some *Trait* in your Character: He looks grave, and says lively Things unexpectedly: He has a care-

less Manner, and may appear sometimes deficient in good Breeding, merely from being above the Punctilios of it. Is your Relationship near enough to justify so strong a Resemblance?

I inclose you a Bit of Scandal that I have copied from One of the public Papers, for the Amusement of your sarcastical Friends on the other Side of the Water. I need not tell you that —— is the Person meant—for I hope there is not another Woman in the Kingdom bad enough to deserve the Application.

* * * * *

Adieu, my best of Friends and Lovers! Your
ever fond and faithful Wife,

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

LANDED at Two o'Clock this Morning, and lay at the Bagnio. Two Days and Two Nights at Sea: Sick — Sick — Sick. Received Two Letters from you that have restored me considerably. Content is a principal Ingredient in all Recipes for Health; and my longing to hear from you and my Children had increased my Maladies on the Road.—Not but that my old Cholic scorned to attack me all the Way while I laboured under other Disorders—it will be a Principal, but refuses to be an Auxiliary, though often solicited.—It resembles your antient Heroes—cruel, but generous.

Mr. F—— is here, and has been waiting for me some Time. We are to set out for the Country To-morrow. I have a World of little Businessses to do before I go, which vexes me, as it does not afford me the Leisure to answer both your pretty Letters—but this shall be my Amusement on the Road at *Meal Times*. A Third Letter is just come in from you this Moment. Do not be ill, my charming Invalid. I shall be well before Morning, and be you so, my dearest Sympathy.

H 3

I have.

I have been with N—— making a friendly Inquiry about certain Matters and Things. The Situation of Affairs in that Quarter are very unpleasant at present, but might be mended by Application and Address. This is enough for you—in the inclosed Letter I have been fuller.—Do not deliver, but send it. It will affect your Friend, and I would not have you sympathize, but where you can relieve.—Would to Heaven we could!

Mrs. D—— has had an Amour with Mr. N——. She made short Work of it, for she was detected even before she was suspected.—“Happy’s the Wooing that’s not long a doing.”—*And the Woman that deliberates is lost.*—Perhaps it might have been upon these Two prudent Considerations that she complied the Moment she was asked—which they say was the Case.

I am just going to Dinner—a new Experiment this. I have not eat a regular Meal since I left you, for I do not think One can be said to dine till after they have breakfasted, which I had the Pleasure of doing this Morning for the First Time.

I am vastly fine drawn—*un homme epuise*.—As thin, as stiff, and as limber, as T——, or D——.

Adieu, *ma Sympathie!*

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THE Date of my dear Harry's last Letter gave me sincere Pleasure, but the Contents still more. I will endeavour to flatter myself that good Air, Regularity, and Peace of Mind will soon recover you to yourself again—Why am I not at Liberty to say, to me? but that Event will arrive I hope ere long. A whole Month has elapsed since you left me, and most Part of that Time is but added, instead of being substracted from the tedious Interval of our Separation—how mortifying!

I have had a kind Letter from our Sister, inviting Fançhon and me to stay with her at Northampton till your Return. But I cannot think of leaving my Harry for a Moment while he remains in England; nor would he quit his Master's for a Day for any Amusement in the Kingdom. He stays intirely at Home, and studies incessantly. He says he hopes to make a Fortune Abroad, and is resolved that it shall not *disgrace him*.

My Eyes overflow whenever I think, speak, or write of him. I know I am laying up a Fund for my own Unhappiness—but can I help it? Sure Nature never endowed us with a Susceptibility of virtuous Affections, without meaning that we should most sensibly feel them.

I took your Advice—I sent the Letter this Morning, though I was with her Yesterday Evening, and had it in my Pocket, but could not deliver it. The last Paragraph above had quite thawed all the little Philosophy I was ever Mistress of: Beggars cannot give Charity.—I could not lend that Comfort which I so much want to borrow myself. She is indeed a most amiable Woman, and her Merit has been long sealed with me.

I am interrupted.

Mr. N—— has encumbered my *Ruelle*, for this Hour past, since I wrote *last* to you—for it appears an Age since I finished the former Paragraph. What an *immortal* Prater—for *Echo* never dies. One would fancy that some People have no other Way of drawing their Breath—but they draw other People's Breaths at the same Time; for I declare that he left me panting as much as an Air-pump could have done. He attempted to exert Two Talents with equal Unsuccess—he would be both merry and wise. But he has neither Sense enough to be grave, nor Wit enough to jest.

He has left me out of Spirits and Humour.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

P. S. The Disorder in my Eyes has returned with my Cold.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Castle-Dermot.

WE did not leave Town the Day I expected. I landed on Monday, and dined with F—, Tuesday at R—, Wednesday at Lord C—, Thursday at M—, and this Good Friday—are not all Fridays good?—I left Town, and have reached this Stage. My Letters to you are a *Doomsday Book*, as I think I told you once before *, in which I account with Heaven and you for every Thought, Action, and Purpose of my Life.

I have thus far purchased about Half my Journey, by hard Labour and Fatigue. I travel in an hired Carriage constructed upon the old Principle of Braces, which have totally unbraced my Frame. Steel Springs afford One some *Play* for one's Life, but the old Construction of Machines is like dragging One to Execution on a *Sledge*.

It gives me extreme Concern to hear that your Eyes are ill again. You will destroy them ere long. The Weakness lies in the Tenderness of your Nature, not of your Sight. I will not scold

* Letter CCCXX, first Paragraph.

you on this Account ; nor shall I (if I can help it) say One *kind Thing* to you during this Letter for the same Reason.

Harry's Sedulity is, I confess, the most remarkable Instance of the Kind I ever met with. I knew he would conceive a Passion for Knowledge and a Contempt for Ignorance, as soon as he should mix a little with the World.—Nay, indeed he had ever such a Turn of Mind in him before—so it is only his Application that is new of late.

You and I at present unfortunately compleat the Scripture Guests. I have not yet recovered the right Use of my right Hand. I can neither take off, or put on my Cloaths, though I have struggled hard to accomplish it. I feel mortified. My Soul was formed for Independance. I have not been yet able to administer a Pinch of Snuff to my Olfactories since I first fell ill—and what is extremely odd, the first Pinch I took with my left Hand set me a sneezing.—This is a Secret to revive dead Snuff. I think you observed once something similar to this in eating of Artichokes—that they stain the Fingers if touched with One Hand, but leave them immaculate if you use the other. I forget which is which, but no Matter—the Simile is complete without the Distinction.

But

But what vexes me most (since it allows me to scribble away to you) is, that I am not able to perform more than a left-handed Yawn at present, and the Indulgence is imperfect, unless One is at Liberty to stretch out both Arms at once.

But you cannot imagine how *adroit* I am become with my left Hand, since the other has been shackled. I practised to write with it, and really became intelligible in Three Days—this Difficulty must have been the Origin of Stenography, *Kakography*, and *Hieroglyphicks*. I had at length obtained to such a Mastery in snuffing of Candles in this Way, that Mrs. B—— in the Middle of a depending Vole, and at her own Table too, would lay down her Cards, and cry, O snuff them again!

I am convinced that we have more Limbs given us by the mere Bounty of Providence than are absolutely necessary to the necessary Manœuvres of Life. — Duplicates are supplied only lest One should fail; and while they continue both in Act, they but disable one another. Shut an Eye, or stop an Ear, and we see, or hear much better with the other. And when a Man draws a Sword in Defence of his Life, he always throws one Hand behind his Back. Buckinger wrote better than any

other Man in the World, because he happened luckily to have been born without any Hands at all.

Thus, my dearest Fanny, you may see how I exercise myself in the Philosophy of *Agrippinus**, endeavouring to accommodate itself to every Event. No Man enjoys the Uses of Life with more Thankfulness, nor regrets its Restraints with less Repining.

But I am running on here at such a Rate as I did at Holyhead lately; that you may imagine perhaps I am supplied with Briareus's Hands at least. —Would to Heaven that you had the Eyes of Argus also! But I will have done now, lest I should put you out of Breath.

Adieu !

HENRY,

LETTER DCCXXXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

JUST arrived here. Lady F—— not well, which I am heartily sorry for.—I hope I have no Envy in my Nature, for the sicker I am myself, the more I rejoice in the Health of others. She made many friendly Inquiries about you.

* See Letter CCCCXL, Paragraph 7.

I made

I made a lucky Discovery To-day. I walked away as usual while the Horses were *baiting*—I have always some Book in my Pocket—I took it out, and read for Three Miles, without missing my Spectacles—I had forget them at first, and found I did not want them for the Time.

I thought I had been suddenly inspired with a *new Light*, but I found my Mistake as soon as I was housed. I find that I can see distinctly enough in the open Air; and any Lever that would throw off the Roof of the House, would serve me instead of Spectacles.

Upon unpacking my Cloak-bag here, I find that I have *lost*—observe the Imperfection of Language—a Pair of my *Small-cloaths*—they belong to the Pompadour Suit. If they are not in my Trunk in London, some *Potiphar's Wife* must have taken hold of them in my Travels, for that was the Part of Joseph's Garb which she laid violent Hands on; as *Nabal Ben Iffachar*, the learned Jew, has made sufficiently plain by his new Method of *Pointing*—Though *Biographer Triglyph* affirms the Mistake to have arisen simply from a literal Error in the English Version, which he corrects by reading *Shirt* for *Skirt*, which you know comes nearer to the *Point*.

Do,

Do, treat the *Nabob* with a Watch, since he is become such an *Œconomist* of Time.—I should make some Compromise with him at present, since I am become his Rival. I saw Mrs. S—— when I was in Town, and think her really very pretty.

You know we were very near travelling, tête à tête together from London. I rejoice in the narrow Escape I had. Why, Body of me, Mistress, I would not have gone the Journey with her for a *Jaghire*. What a Sham my lying by disabled for a Fortnight at Chester would have appeared to all the World?—except, I hope, to you. Many Coincidents of this Kind may happen in Life, which being rather *unlucky*, than *ill-contrived*, should warn One not to be too quick to censure.

I have more Gob for you, if the Post would spare me more Time.

Adieu, my dearest Life!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXL.

FRANCES to HENRY.

MY dear Harry, I am sorry to tell you, that I am as well, or rather ill qualified as yourself, to make One among the Halt, as well as the Blind at present—having had the Misfortune to sprain my Ankle last Thursday.— But this Sort of Distress is a Trifle to what I feel from the intense Heat of the Weather, which deprives me not only of the Use of my corporeal, but my mental Faculties also, and at the same Time renders such a State of Annihilation painful to me. I do *almost* rejoice (for I can do nothing perfectly at present) that you are probably enjoying cooler Breezes, and a more temperate Zone, in the Country of Ireland.

I take your Hint about my Eyes—I will, indeed I will, for your Sake, endeavour to calm my Mind on the approaching Départure of our dear Boy—the most dreadful Separation that I have ever, *or trust* I shall ever know, by reflecting frequently on the hopeful Prospect of his Advancement and happy Establishment in Life. But tender Feelings, you say, make tender Eyes—then be it so, for I would not *lose my Heart* to save my Sight. I can still hear you, though I should be blind.

I have

I have taken the Hint also, that I am sure you intended by inclosing me an Advertisement cut out from One of the London Papers, though you did not mention a Word of it in your Letter—I had seen it before, some Time ago, and determined to make some Inquiry upon the Subject. But like *the Seed sown in sandy Ground*, the Cares and the Follies of the World had choaked up the virtuous Concern I felt for the distressed Object, till my ever dear and humane Monitor roused my Reflection, and made me blush to think that such a Scene of Distress should have made so slight an Impression as to have slippt my Attention ever since.

I have inquired at *Almon's*. The unhappy Woman's Name is *Kimber*. Her Husband wrote a Peerage of England, and some sentimental and well meant little Pieces. Her Distress is as great as has been represented, but the Donations arising from it very small. There is scarce any Body in Town - and distant Objects neither affect our Sight or Feeling so much as those that are near. And yet, at what an Interval of Space did this unhappy Sufferer find the Means to press upon your Heart! O my dear Henry! if my Esteem or Affection for you could admit Increase, this little Incident must make the full and natural
Currents

Currents of Sympathy overflow, as they do, this Moment, at my Eyes.—You bid me regard my Sight in vain, while you do such Things as these.

I dined Yesterday at Twickenham with *the Clève*; and the Heat of the Weather, even there, was almost intolerable.—Then think what it must be in the torrid Zone of Hyde-Street; and pity your poor broiling, but affectionate

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCXLI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

I HAVE, thank God, recovered the Use of my Arm at last, though not yet the Strength of it. I can raise it this Day to the Crown of my Head, and extend it to the Soles of my Feet also, so that as soon as I shall finish this Letter I will shave myself and pare my Nails, that I may no longer look like the Hermit of *the hollow Tree*.

I knew I should be well last Post, because my Cholic returned upon me just after I had sealed my Letter to you; for I know no Relief from

from One Illness, but by its giving Place to some other—This, however, is a lucky *OEconomy* in my Constitution, that I can rarely *spend* Two Disorders at the same Time—this would be *burning the Candle at both Ends*.

This new Attack has been only slight, and seemed as if it had but just called in, *en passant*, to dismiss my Rheumatism; for when I had got all the Apparatus in Readiness for an Horse-radish Emetic, it was frightened away, as the Tooth-ach generally is on the Appearance of a Surgeon; and its Re-visits since have been scarce worth medicinal Application.

My Ailment is thought to be a *bilious* Cholic—be it so, and let me reason thus: All Persons of warm Affections are subject to Jealousy—thy Fondness and Fidelity have saved my Mind from that *Hydra of Calamities*, but a similar Torment has taken Possession of my Body; for no Man surely, could ever say more strongly, in a literal Sense, what Horace does in a metaphorical One, *difficili bile tumet jecur*, than I.

It is happy, but amazing, to perceive how little Effect my Disorders have generally upon my outward Appearance—it is perhaps because I do not *give my Mind* to them. They would not be persuaded here that I had been ill; and I was obliged

to oppose my left Hand to their Breasts, to parry the Embraces of my Friends. There is no Way of accounting for this, but by supposing that Distemper has grown so *natural* to me, that it *becomes* me at last.

Mr. F—— gave me a Letter To-day from Harry, inclosed to him—I happened to be affected with it. For when there is no One by for whom I have any Tenderness, I am perhaps One of the most *affected* Coxcombs breathing. He inquired the Contents, I gave him the Letter, and he was pleased with it. He said some Things—no Matter; the Kindness of them pleased me more than the Compliment.

I am sorry for poor ——'s Mischance, but yet am glad to find that the Town is beginning to kick at Nonsense, Plagiarism, or Unoriginality. I pity the Misfortune of poor H—— more, on account of a very pretty motherless Daughter he has unprovided for.

I am pleased with these last Sermons of Sterne which I brought over—they are in the proper Style and Manner of Pulpit Discourses. No Theological Point urged or insisted upon, but tending merely to *persuade* those who are already *convinced*. Sermons need be no longer *concionary* *, as the

* Doctrinal.

Fathers filed them. They do him great Honour, I think; and if he had wrote Nothing else, his Name might have ranked high among the Divines. Read them—particularly the Seventh and Tenth.

Love and Blessings. Amen!

My dearest Life, adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXLII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I TRULY rejoice with you on the Recovery of your Arm, and do suppose that you are become a perfect *Ambidexter* by this Time. When my right Hand was restored to me, after being broken, I thought the Sensation was like that of meeting a long absent Friend, when one had almost given over the Hope of ever seeing them again. I very well remember my taking it in my left Hand, and pressing it to my Breast—that was, I believe, the first pleasing Pressure I had ever felt, for it was before I ever knew you.

Messieurs Vansittart, Scrafton, and Ford are appointed Commissioners to India by the Company of Directors, and I have got my Son introduced

to

to them all. I received a very kind Letter from Mrs. W——t upon this Occasion. I have great Obligations to her : She is a very agreeable, sensible, and I have Reason to say, a very friendly Woman.

I shall read Sterne's last Publication since you desire it ; and indeed, the Character you give of this Work recommends it strongly to me.—What you say should be the Purport of all Sermons ; for the World wants Advice more than Information in Matters of Religion now.

The Weather remains still insufferable—I am afraid it may ripen my Cold into a Fever. When I see my dear Son panting for Breath, I begin to tremble for him *when laid on India's Soil*. How do you indure the present Climate who could be warm though *laid on Greenland's Coast* ?

Either of these Situations would be an *Eden* to me, if I was sure of having you always with me ; but these hateful Separations become every Year more painful to me from the melancholy Reflection that each Year takes away from that Portion of Time which Providence has kindly allotted for our spending together ; and brings us nearer to the fatal *Æra* of our final Parting.—I wish I could avoid ever thinking on this sad Subject, or on the
Departure

Departure of my dear, dear Child ; but my Mind is alas ! the true wet Nurse of Woe.

I am going to dine with Mrs. ——— ; we are but ill qualified to be Companions to each other, but less so to any other Persons. She loves and esteems you. Poor P—— is still at Fulham, and in the same bad State of Health. The worthy Cooke almost Heart-broken on account of his Friend Mrs. T——'s Death. In short, our once chearful Coterie is dwindled into a small and sorrowful Party at present. O ! return to us soon, and kidnap our dear Chaplain over with you.

I envy you your Constitution. Heat only melts you—but it burns me. I have endured a severe Head-ach these Three Days. It is an irksome Thing to be obliged to bear an Enemy on one's Shoulders. Your Children are good and well. Adieu, my Life ! I am not able to write another Line ; but in Thought, Word, and Deed, am most truly and gratefully your own

FRANCES.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXLIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My dear FANNY,

Farmley.

I AM just returned from *our* Election, or *their* Election, or *Nobody's* Election, as usual. The Two Kings of Brentford marched into the Court-house together, and returned themselves separately. Nor do these Two *Negatives* make One *Affirmative* between them, but rather, like *equal Quantities* in *Algebra*, destroy each other.

The Corporation is really without a legal Magistrate, and has been so these many Years.—However, *bad is the Best* is on our Side the Question. I wish the *Mandamus* was once sped, that there might be an End of this *Semel in Anno* Pilgrimage of mine.

The voyaging Part of these Expeditions is what I lament most. I should compound, if all the Time I am on Board were but so many Days *taken out of my Life*—which they are at best, as I remain all the while totally incapable either of the Enjoyments of the Mind, or the Comforts of the Body; but they are rather so many Days *added to*

my Death, by the Sickness and Pain I suffer, from the First Moment to the Last.

I am now at Leisure to re-read and observe upon your dear Letters, which I could not possibly attend to while my Body and Mind laboured under the Uneasiness of a Journey and an Election. I have spread them now in their Order of Succession before me.

That you are One of the best—I will not say Travellers, but *Fellow-travellers*, I ever journeyed with, I do hereby acknowledge—and this is a Circumstance that renders our Separation, on such Occasions, the more to be regretted by me.—I travel as happy as a Snail with its House on its Back, while I am blest with that Companion, whose Cheerfulness and Acquiescence in all Wants and Difficulties on the Road, as well as through Life, make me feel every where as if I was at Home.

How much have I wanted you, particularly in my last Journey from Dublin! As usual, I neither eat, or drank, till I reached my Night's Stage, which was *Castle-Dermot*. There was no Fish to be had, and all other Viands are equal to me. I put my Life into their Hands, and they served me up a Roman *Sportula* exactly. It was *un Reschauffé* of Mutton, Veal, and Lamb, fried in Lard —
they

they had bought it, I suppose, out of some Beggar's Scrip at the Door just before I arrived.—I said my *old Grace* over it; but could not make a Meal.—I sent it away, and called for a Couple of Eggs, in which I happened to be lucky enough, as there was but One of them musty.

You know I am used of late to take a raw Egg in a Morning, setting out on a Journey, as it is the only Morfel that Motion does not always quarrel with. But I lost the Benefit of that Regimen on this Expedition, though I stopped at every Village in my Way from Dublin hither. The Eggs were produced indeed, but the Hen-wives were such squalid and disgusting Figures, or performing such nasty Manœuvres at the Time, that I could not bear to touch any Thing that I saw come out of their Hands. He who framed the Proverb of *an Egg and a Nut*, had never seen an Irish Slut, I am certain.

Your Paragraph on the Transit of Venus is lively.—But have the Astrologers really predicted any such Effect, with regard to female Constitutions? For indeed, all I know of that Lady's Divinity—is not in *the Heavens above*, but on *the Earth beneath*.

I am much obliged to you for the high Compliment you pay to my Philosophy, or rather to an

higher Character—my Feelings. I might flatter myself that this may be true, from a certain Analogy I have ever been sensible of in another Particular too. I am a very Niggard to myself in all Manner of Indulgences and Expences of Fortune, but I grant a *plenary Indulgence* to others; and would bankrupt Cræsus for those I love.

My Arm acknowledges your kind Remembrance, and most cordially longs to repeat again the first Action you have imputed to it—and till that happy Time returns it shall never cease fondly to exercise the Second—in the mean while, I wish that it did not continue still so refractory with me in the common Offices of Life. I can neither shave myself, nor buckle my Shoes yet, though I flattered myself that I was able to do so Three Days ago.

This Inability has suffered my Toe-nails to become such Talons, that I cannot walk without extreme Pain—so that if I do not soon recover the Use of my Hands, I may possibly lose the Use of my Legs—though of what Service can they be to me, or even to the Quadrupeds of the Field, during the present most dismal Season, except to fly for Shelter from the Inclemencies of the Skies. What Weather is here! I am writing now by a
Stove

Stove Coal-fire, and the Dog-days that are near at Hand, threaten to be no better than *Cur-days*.

My Fellow-traveller did not play me fair. I was not able to write at the Time he left me ; and would have dictated to him ; but he refused, saying that he would be in London before the Post, and immediately call on you, and acquaint you with my Situation, better than it was possible to do by Letter. He is a mere Man of Business; and looking upon all Tendernefs, Sentiment, and sympathetic Anxiety to be but *Counters*, thought that a Line wrote from his *own* might be sufficient.

Adieu, my Wife and Children!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXLIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM arrived à *le Voisinage*. The Races begin To-day near Farmley, which drove me away from thence, and I have gained my Stage before the swiftest Horse there, by only setting out about Six Hours before he started, and taking my own Course. There are many Ways of excelling in Life—the rising early, and following the Bent

that Nature points out to us, are Two of the principal Ones.

There was but one general Voice of Acclamation to be heard between these Two Families, on the Subject of your Novel. They have done nothing but weep and praise it. Little Creep-mouse sat up all Night to finish it, as she expected to fall in Labour every Minute, and that it would, she said, have disturbed her Mind *in Articulo Vitæ, aut Mortis*, that she had not finished it.

Your Friend Mrs. A— B— said that she would not have been so much surprized if you had produced an Epic Poem in Greek, because that it was possible to have framed such a Work by the Dint of Genius, which you might be endowed with by Nature, and of Learning, which you might have acquired in your Study. But where, in the Name of Astonishment, added she, could she have made herself so perfect Mistress of that courtly Ease, polite Stile, and refined Sentiment, which can be learned only where only they are practised, in the higher Ranks of Life?

This I assure you was her Remark, and these her very Words, as well as I can now recollect them. However, it was more in order to turn away from a certain Paragraph of your last Letter, than to repeat her Observation, that I send it to
you

you at present. But I cannot think of laying your Letter aside, without just hinting at the Passage I did not care to dwell on, which I shall do by only referring to a Piece of your own Philosophy in the last Paragraph of Page 62, Volume 2d. of the Delicate Distress—*Doctor, cure thyself.*

The Closeness of *Larkheel's* Embrace hurt my Arm, ere she was aware—you know her precipitate and affectionate Manner. I forgave her the Pain, and so I would have done the Pleasure too, as handsome as she really is.—No, no—if ever I engage in an Amour, it shall be *in Favour* of——. She shall be my only *Object*—and you know she is *One*. She is really a very good Creature, and I sometimes feel a Sort of compassionate Despair for her. Surely it could never be deemed a Sin, where there would be so little Pleasure, and so much Charity. *Passion* is a Vice, to be sure, but *Compassion* is a Virtue, as surely.—Shew her this Paragraph, if you dare.

I might frame a Cupid's Paradise with all the Loves that are now breathing out toward you from this Quarter, but I am in Haste at present to rid my Hands of you, that I may go take a Walk in the Groves, and commune with you in mental Converse, till the Dew warns me Home again.

"The Dews of the Even most carefully shun—

"They're the Tears of the Day for the Loss of the Sun."

A sad *Faux brillant* this!

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCXLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I THANK you extremely for your pleasant and cheerful Letter, and pray return my best Thanks to our Friends, *à le Voisinage*, for indulging you with my Praise. They have found you out, and know as well as I do that they could not flatter you more agreeably. However, I will accept it all seriously, because it affords me sincere Pleasure to be complimented by Persons whose Heads and Hearts I have so high an Opinion of.

I am heartily glad you spend your Time so much *à votre grè*, as you seem to do.—Mine never passed more dully. The continuing Heat of the Weather both dispirits and debilitates me, and I much fear that I shall not be able to struggle through this raging Summer amidst the Dust and Savours of London.

I wish

I wish I could retreat somewhere to the Country for a Month while you are away—but a Woman is such an helpless Animal alone! I might take my Daughter with me indeed, but that would be only increasing the Incumbrance, and I cannot think of stealing my Son from his Master's, as it would be doing him an Injustice, and an Unkindness both, as I know it would be but grudgingly, and of Necessity, that he would quit them even for a Day.

The Directors have for some Time been divided in their Opinions with regard to the Three Supervisors that were intended to be sent to India, so that the Point is not yet determined upon whether any shall go or no.—I am perfectly at Ease about this Matter, though my Son should thereby lose the Advantage of the Recommendations he has obtained to the Three Gentlemen named to that Employ; for whatever shall be resolved upon for the Benefit of the Company, must also be serviceable to the Adventurers on that Establishment.

I strive, you see, upon every Difficulty and Disappointment in Life, to think like you, and hope to become an *Optimist* before I die, so as to be able to think even of Death in the same Light.

Amen, and adieu!

FRANCES.

P. S. My Son is just come in from the India-house, and tells me that the Plenipo's are fixed at last—*so much the better* I say now.

LETTER DCCXLVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

I AM now sitting in a Bower dedicated by Mrs. B—— to *Henry and Frances*. “Here Baucis, “there Philemon grew.” The Day is fine, and a Peacock has just perched before me, spreading its *retrospective* Tail, and blazoning its *Argus* Eyes full upon me. Juno did well to convert those Objects to Ornament, which failed to be of Use.—This is too much the Emblem of most modern Beauty. Who is it that so pertly compares Women to *Peacocks*, who charm most in *Silence*?

I have not heard a Word from you these Six Months. I do not envy Ulysses his Wisdom, so much as I do his *Winds*, that I might be able to supply my Penelope constantly with a fair Gale to waft her Letters over to me. I know no more of you now than I could during my sickly Peregrination lately from London. However, I really
never

never did pass my Absence so pleasantly—bating my Illness, and the not hearing from you, than I did during that Interval—for I never was from you so long *alone*—and believe me that the first Time I found myself so was when I got into Company—I want your Society more at such Times than in Solitude—I feel the Privation of it stronger from Comparison in such Situations, and would be glad also to make my Friends some better Return for their kind Attentions and Indulgencies toward me than I am able singly to render them.

My Cholic has returned upon me lately most severely. I wrestled all Night, like Jacob—not with an Angel though, but a Fiend. The short Intervals of Ease I sometimes am amused with, are but maliciously intended. The Sense of Pain is dulled by Use, and this ingenious Tyrant of mine only intermits its Stripes, to make me feel the Scourge with greater Pungency. But what is Philosophy without its Trials? *Socrates* had his *Xanthippé*, and I my Cholic—so I strive to console myself, by preferring my *bosom Enemy* to his.

I have finished the Work I had in Hand when I left you.—They speak well of it here; One of them said that the Soul of *Confucius* breathed through it. They would have me publish it by Subscrip-

tion—but there are only a few Persons that I should choose to let into the Secret of my being the Author—Besides, perhaps I may have trespassed on my *literati* Friends too much already in that Way. Though I may plead a Sort of *poetical Licence* for being an Highwayman—I live a Freebooter on the Public—One of the worst Sort too, as I rob none but Friends.

Mr. F—— paid me a polite Compliment upon the Occasion: “ I would not have you ever publish Subscriptions for any of your Works, said he, but send them about to your Friends, and let them pay *as they like*.” So saying, he paid *as I liked* for his Set, as you may see by the Inclosed.

Creepmouse is not delivered of her *Mountain* yet; she loves and admires you, and so do all the *Voisinage*. I inclose you a Letter from her. We of this House go to Farmley To-morrow, and perhaps I may have better Luck with the Pacquets or Posts there.

Blessing to our Children.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXLVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

My dear and happy WANDERER,

I SINCERELY congratulate you on the agreeable Variety of your Situations, and as much upon your having put a Period to your Work—I long to see it, that I may join my Plaudit to the Approbation of your other Friends. I am sure it was T—— B—— that alluded to the Spirit of *Confucius*. There is a *Glow* in his Expression often, that I admire extremely—it is like the Complexion that arises from Health, and proceeds from the honest Warmth of a sound Heart.

I have sometimes told you, that if my Nature could admit of Envy, I should feel it strongly on contemplating the Pleasure you must mutually give and receive, *à le Voisinage*. And I positively declare that if you ever go to Ireland again, and should refuse to let me accompany you, I will most assuredly follow you there. I love Travelling, I love my Friends, and I love you—then why, prithee why, if I do not damp your's, must I be debarred of those rational Delights while I am capable of enjoying them, and left, like a Citizen's *hanging Garden*, to

wither out of a Window in the Heat, Stink, Smoke, and Dust of London?

Your Allusion to *Free-booting* unluckily holds farther than you hint at—for like them we are never the richer for the Spoil, and like them we live in a Sort of merry Despair too—you with more Hopes, and I with more Fears, than may have perhaps any real Foundation. But thou art the happier Rogue of the Two; and long, very long, may you remain so—and I shall be ever satisfied to receive my Happiness by Reflection from your's.

I am impatient to hear of little B——'s safe *Accouchement*, and that she will not *labour in vain*, as heretofore. I have received her long delayed Letter, and shall certainly answer it before the Birth of her next Child, provided she does not come before her Time. Notwithstanding her Laziness, I think she loves me, as I am very sure I do her, most sincerely.

I enjoyed a snug Party with the Remainder of our Coterie, Yesterday Evening. We agreed not to mention any One of the absent Members during the Night, as this occasions always uneasy Reflections. Our Conversation therefore took a new Turn, which was an Advantage to it, as Variety, when-

whenever it can be indulged with Innocence, is always pleasing.

Take Notice, my dear Vagrant, that there is above a Week between the Dates of your Two last Letters, and there were Ten Days passed before I received them, which I did both at once: This latter Circumstance might have been owing to the Delay of the Pacquets—the former could not. The Slackening of our Correspondence would be the most disagreeable Means that could be found out to inform me that I am growing old.

But I will not dwell on so irksome a Subject; therefore adieu, thou dearest Pleasure of my youthful Days! thou kind Companion of my ripened Years! And O! may I be still blest enough to add, thou Comfort, Stay, and Support of my declining Age!

Adieu, my All! my every Wish in One!

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCXLVIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

NOW pray, good Mr. Henry, is it you, or the Post-boys that are playing *ranty come Scout*, and not letting me get a Letter from you under a Fortnight's Interval? O! the Post-boys to be sure are solely in Fault.—I will endeavour to believe so—and so be it.

But let me ask you another Question—are you not tired yet of the social Joys of Kilkenny, and have you any Thoughts of visiting *foreign Parts* again? For my own Part, I grow rather impatient at the Kind of forlorn and widowed Life I have led so long; and positively declare, that if you absent yourself much longer, I shall begin to consider myself as a maiden Gentlewoman (and many such *Maidens* I believe there are) and shall not suffer you to approach me nearer than any other male Creature, before you shall have suffered the Pains and Penalties of a spic and span new Courtship, by way of performing *Quarantine*. I think I could hold out *Forty Days* at least in the Humour I am at present.

Perhaps

Perhaps you will tell me that you have been courting me all your Life. “ But what have I “ to do with thee, O *Shalum*! while thou remainest enamoured with the Beauties of the “ Irish *Meads*”—(perhaps I might say *Maids*) “ and preferrest the waving Verdure of the Woods, “ and the luxurious Bowers of *Le Voisinage*, to “ the Delights of *Hyde-Street* with thy *Hilpa*.”

I am pleased with the Idea of our being antediluvian Lovers; and, in reality, I believe that our mutual Affection has as much exceeded the usual Mortality of such Sentiments, as the Lives of *Hilpa* and *Shalum* have done those of us poor *Ephemeras*, or Insects of a Day. And if, as I think, there is no Life without Love, we may well be considered by our Contemporaries to be as great Prodigies as if we had actually existed before the Flood.

Harry is perfectly well, and studious as ever. My poor Fançhon has had a slight Fever, but is quite out of Danger, and recovering, thank God, in spite of this *Dog-star* Weather, which still rages. I have *strained* my Leg as usual, which will *restrain* me at Home, and deprive me of some solitary Musings in the *Musæum* Gardens, which I have obtained Permission to walk in since you left me.

My

My Brother has made a Present to your Son of a large handsome Seal, with your *Arms* engraved upon it. The Attention and Regard shewn even in such a Trifle, weighs more with me than the Gold, though it were an *Ingot*. The smallest Tokens of Friendship are apt to endear us to each other more than the highest Beneficence of Patronage. Mutual Affection is a stronger Cement of Society than mutual Interest, let Legislators say what they will about political Compact.

Adieu, my dear *Shalum*. I will not write another Line to—till I hear from you, though I shall ever remain most truly and affectionately your fond and constant

HILPA.

L E T T E R DCCXLIX.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

Cloyne.

I HAVE been here these Two Days. I found I had Time to spare, and thought it no Immorality to spend it pleasantly. I can have no Business in Dublin till Mr. B——'s Executors meet to deliver up my Papers to Mr. Swift.

Our

Our Friends here were much rejoiced to see me, and asked many Questions about you—and some of them so very *minute*, that they *testified their Friendship*, according to a very just Observation of yours, in One of Two Letters I had the Pleasure of receiving from you just as I had mounted my Saddle for this Journey, and which I read on Horseback at the Hazard of my Neck.

The Bishop has given me the Gloves you desired him to bespeak, but they are not worth sending for so far of late—they had a Name once here, but they have forfeited it long since: That is too much the Way of all Irish Manufacturers—say *Malefactors*. But there is a stronger Reason than this against employing his Lordship for the future, which is, that he refuses Payment.

What is the Reason that you are eternally hurting One or other of my handsome Legs? they are always falling foul of each other whenever my Back is turned—they are not to be trusted together, I find, and are like some People of our Acquaintance, only good Friends *at a Distance*.

I will tell you an extraordinary Thing, that was really the Result of that very Paragraph of yours.—I read your Letter over again last Night, just before I went to Bed; and your Quibble between the Words *strain* and *restrain* happened to strike
me.

me, as you are seldom used to deal in such *Jeux de Mots*.

“ Are not we Moderns *more nice than wise*” (said I to myself, as I was laying my Head on the Pillow) “ to reprehend such Sportings of Fancy
 “ and Expression as these, which may be supported by many Passages from the Antients, and
 “ which *Aristotle* himself has thought worthy of a
 “ *Figure* for?—Nay, which we have certainly
 “ Scripture Authority for, in the Equivoque of
 “ *Peter and a Rock*.

“ When Puns are *the Wit* of a Person, they are
 “ abominable — but when *the Folly* only, they
 “ should plead the Privilege of a Relaxation.
 “ When ~~the~~ the highest of an Author’s Talents, excrable — but when the lowest, admissible.
 “ Swift, Cowley, Shakespear, and the Sun, had
 “ Spots, if we must deem them so.”

I fell asleep, and fell also into a Set of Company among some Literati, whose Names I was not brought to Bed of, who happened to be debating upon this very Mode of Expression. All I can now recollect of the Conversation was, how I delivered myself on the Subject, which was exactly in these Words: A *Pun*, said I, may not improperly be stiled *punica fides*, as it is esteemed to be a Species of *false Wit*.

Is there not such a Superstition, as that when Folks become witty in their Dreams, they are near their End? But there is perhaps a natural Reason for this, that when People are about taking leave of their Senses, they become all *Intellect* of Course – you will not take this Instance, however, I hope, for a very *mortal* Symptom; but you will allow it to be *equivocal* at least.

You have left Reason for complaining of this Weather, since you are not able to walk. And indeed, we have had a Spurt of hot Sun lately here, which has distressed me too: It is not pleasant in the First Place—and I should think from the Analogy of Nature, that it cannot be wholesome neither. All Plants perspire as well as Animals, but *Ever-greens* the least of any. And it is certain, that People live longer in all the northern than in the southern Climes.

Your Novel is in great Request in this Country. The Bishop *speaks of it*. A very pretty Miss Berkley sat up reading it all Night, and her Attention was so great, that she suffered her Cap to take Fire, but said, that she *quenched it with her Tears*. You must be acquainted with all that charming Family, if ever you *follow me to Ireland*, as you threaten in One of your last Letters.

I met

I met with our Series here, and happening to look at the Number of the last Letter of the Fourth Volume, I find it to be DLXII, upon which I amused myself with a whimsical Calculation, that at the common Price of a Groat a Letter, they would have amounted to the Sum of Nine Pounds Seven Shillings and Four Pence; but deducting the Expence of Paper, Printing, and Binding, out of the current Price of them, they actually do not come to Farthings a Piece. It is well we did not write them for the Press, or this would mortify me. Let us publish nothing but Sermons for the future, and try to *lay up our Treasure in Heaven*, for there is no doing so on Earth, in this Way at least.

Have you ever read Chaucer?—I never had till lately. I am charmed with him—I not only think him the greatest, but the sweetest and most learned Poet that ever wrote. There is indeed too much of *Balderdash*, if you understand that Word, in some of his Poems—*The Miller's Tale*, *The Reve's*, and One or Two others; but his Philosophy exceeds Pope's Ethics, and his Sublimity his Homer, or even Homer himself. I hope—I hope, you have never read him, and we will peruse him together at meeting, what is fit to be read of him.

Never

Never tell me any more of your snug Parties, for it makes me envy you. Yes, do, for then I hope and flatter myself that you are happy. I was much pleased with your Scheme of Conversation. I should triumph if the Hint had been your own. Thou art, my dear Heautonti *, too apt to dwell upon the *sombre* Side of every Object.

There is a Scold for you now ; but let us shake Hands and be Friends again this Moment, for I am, my dear *Hilpa*, your own

SHALUM.

P. S. I send you a pretty Poem that I picked up here.

LETTER DCCL.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I Most heartily thank my dear Harry for his long and pleasant Letter from Cloyne, and indeed his Epistles ought to be both at present, considering the anxious Time that must elapse

* A Contraction of *Heautontimorumenos*, or The Self-tormentor, the Title of One of Terence's Plays.

between the Dates, as the nearest of them are from Eight to Eleven Days asunder. But I do not mean *to set you Tasks*, as you pertly replied to me once, and I shall endeavour not to worry you, or myself, about this Matter any more, if I can help it.

Pray return my Compliments to our good Friends where you are. You make me envy you in almost every Letter; and I am prevented from saying I long to be with you as often as I do, lest the good Company you associate with every where should be suspected for coming in for more than its Share in my fond Wishes.

I have sometimes told you that the Irish Ladies Heads are generally littered—perhaps you might have understood me literally, and thought they wanted Combing. But, alas! neither *Bouville*, nor *Racine* are able to *racommoder* that Part of them, that is the most *derangé*—I mean their poor dear Brains (if they have any). As a Proof of this Libel, I am now to acquaint you of a long, tiresome, stupid Confusion, that has been lately made by and between Mrs. — and Mrs. — about —, which has almost *vexed me*, as *Katharine* says, *past my Patience*.

* * * * *

* * * * *

You may now probably think I have spoken very tenderly upon the Subject, when I lay my Charge only against the Heads of the Parties, as there appears to be so much Room for a more ill-natured Person to suspect the Hearts upon this Occasion. But, thank God, I never carry my Resentment against Meanness or Folly farther than can be expressed in Merriment—I forgive, whenever I laugh; and I intreat that you will acquiesce in the same *Horatian* Manner also, and not mince them up, Head and Pluck together, as my dear *Juvenal* is too apt to do sometimes, upon such Provocations.

I received the Poem you sent me, and think it a very pretty One. But, alas! I fear it is not likely to make any Impression on the impenetrable Stuff it is directed at. The Painter's Pencil, and the Statuary's Chissel are stronger Instruments than the Poet's Pen. It is much easier therefore to arrive at a competent Taste for those Arts, than for the refined *Virtú* of the latter. There are established Rules for judging of the former, by which the most stupid Person may, with a little Pains, become what is stiled a Connoisseur, or *Dilettante*—but there must be a Ray of Genius,
a Spark

a Spark of ethereal Fire, connate with our Souls, to render us capable of feeling that charming Enthusiasm, which must ever accompany a true Taste for Poetry.

A propos. I never did read any more of Chaucer than those Fragments of him that have been retailed to us now-and-then by modern Writers, which always gave me a strong Inclination to know more of him, which you have now confirmed me in; and we will read him together, I hope, soon. I am sorry for those Blots in him that you hint at, for Wit is sadly prostituted in Ribaldry, or Prophaneness—it must be *pressed* into such a *Service*—it never enters a *Volunteer*.

Wit, in most Authors, is generally only a Play of Words, a Sport of Fancy, or the Zest of Vice. But true Wit is the Essence of good Sense, and the *Die* of Moral, which stamps a Currency on Attic Ore.

Our poor *Fanghon* is now in her Bed: She has had a Relapse by eating Cucumbers: She is your own Daughter; her Stomach is as weak, and her Appetite as ungovernable, as her Father's. I have suffered a good deal myself from eating Fruit; but I promise you that I shall refrain from it for the Rest of the Season, though I cannot answer either for the Father or Daughter.

There

There is a Fire at this Moment blazing in Holborn—but as it is now Mid-day, and that the Engines are playing upon it, I hope there will be no great Damage done. There were a Dozen Houses burned down last Week at Marybone—there are frequent Fires in London, and hardly sufficient Water to quench them.—They deserve to be burned in their Beds that will not suffer the River *Colne* to be brought into our Streets.

I have not received the Bill from Ireland yet, that you wrote for before you left this. But I fancy the Irish all imagine that London is like the City of *Eldorado*, where one may have Gold for picking it up in the Streets; and that it is *sending Coals to Newcastle* to make Remittances hither.

Captain Cooke presents his Compliments to you. He has been disappointed, and I fear will not obtain a Ship, because I am sure he deserves One. I fear for poor dear P——'s Life, for the same Reason; every Day I see her but adds to my Concern.

This Day Five Years exactly we were at Holyhead together.—Would we were so at present!

Adieu!

FRANCES.

P. S. Mr. M—— has failed, and they say that our Friend Mr. B—— is deeply involved with him. A second South Sea Bubble, I fear! My Eyes and Limbs are so weak at present that I can scarcely read or walk, and yet I will write to you, and would carry my Letters to Lombard-Street also, if I could get no one else to do it.

L E T T E R DCCLI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Gloyne.

MY dearest Life I shall still call you, though you did scold me last Night, for ordering the Cook to put some salt Salmon in Water for our Dinner To-day:—This is a new Property in Dreams that I have just discovered. I thought the utmost that their Magic could compass was to conjure up *past Scenes* only; I did not know that they had the Faculty of *Invention* before.

I have just received Three Letters from you under the inclosed Envelope from Mr. F——. You see I send you every Fragment that I think may please or amuse you. Miss ——'s
Letter

Letter goes to you for the same Reason : I have not answered it yet, because I do not know in what Strain to do it. Pray tell me whether it is a *Love-Letter* or not.—Do Women speak plainer than this on a First Overture ?

There lies an East India Man at Cove near this Place, who says he means to quit the Service as soon as he gets to London : May not this be lucky for our Friend Cooke ? There will be One Ship more to be disposed of than perhaps they might have reckoned upon before. What an happy Event would it be if our dear Harry were to sail for India under his Command ! It would considerably lessen our Anxiety at parting.

I cannot attend to your Letters at present, for I have spent all my Post-time this Day, in writing to Persons who have it in their Power to supply Letters of Recommendation and Introduction to Madrafs, Bengal, &c. Adieu, therefore, for the present, my dear Wife and Children.

HENRY.

LETTER DCCLII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I AM at present both lame and blind—so much for Complaint, and yet I will not delay acknowledging that I have received yours of the 27th of last Month.

I heartily hope that all your Letters of Recommendation may be obtained Time enough, as the Indian Triumvirate are to set out in about Ten Days, and the being personally known to any of them in England may be of greater Advantage than the being introduced to them in India. They are all Persons of extreme good Characters in private Life; and the Choice of them by the Court of Directors upon this critical Occasion sufficiently stamps their public Merits.

What vain Mortals you Men are! But I thought you had been too much used to *Love-Letters* to mistake that you sent me for One—perhaps, like Women, you value a Conquest in proportion to the Time of Life it is made in; and like us also, suffer *Pamour propre* to construe Civility into Affection, and general Politeness into particular Attachment.—I have said this better
some-

somewhere else. But no Matter, it were ridiculous to answer a ludicrous Question seriously.— You often take me in that Way by saying odd Things with a grave Face.

I begin almost to envy you all the pleasant Flattery you receive about our Novels. I wish you had taken me over, that I might have shared it with you. Pray tell those civil Folks, and particularly the Bishop, who ought to know better, that they are acting in direct Opposition to Scripture, which says that “ a Prophet is not “ without Honour, *save in his own Country.*” Now give me leave to *inform you*, that Poet and Prophet are the same in Hebrew ; at least it is *all one in the Greek*, or if not, it ought to be, which comes to the same Thing, you know.

You often tell me that you receive several Letters from me at once, but have not Time to answer them. I am to suppose from this, that the Posts in Ireland come in oftener than they go out. Happy Country ! I wish they did so here. However, your Apology shall pass current for this Time, in Hopes that the next Pacquet will bring me *Letters of Recommendation* in Favour of *yourself*.

Poor P—— continues extremely ill—Medicine has done its best, perhaps its worst with her ;

and she has been ordered to Bristol.—I fear—I fear. I had a long Letter from ———; she is not happy, I think, though she does not complain.—Alas! who is that deserves to be so. Except yourself, I know not One—nor would you be an Exception, if your Philosophy had not left so few Things within the Power of Fortune. Would to Heaven that Admiration could create Imitation.

Adieu, my dearest Life, your Children's Duty, and my true Love attend you,

FRANCES.

P. S. Fançhon is quite recovered, and I have just received the Bill I expected, which Two pleasant Articles have raised my Spirits considerably. Did I tell you before that I had bought Harry a new Suit of Cloaths, and have indulged him in learning to fence from *Signior Angelo*? He does not spare a Moment in the Day from his various Studies, and I think this Exercise absolutely necessary to his Health.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

(With a Bill inclosed.)

TAKE that now, as if thrown at your Head, and I wish it was a *Thousand Pounds* heavier for your Sake. It rejoices me too to hear that my Agent has had another *Fling* at you of the same Kind lately. My Spite toward you arises from your challenging me on account of the Intervals of my Letters. I scolded you for that Sort of Impatience an Hundred and Fifty Years ago—my good Dame *Hilpa*.

I answer all your Letters when the Posts allow me Time, and often write when I do not hear from you, if any Change in my Situation or Affairs, or any Thing new or entertaining occurs.—In Dearth of all these proper Subjects for Correspondence, I own that I do not sit down every Post merely to write you a *Letter*—this methought would have looked too much like poor P——W——, who used to perform his *Kiss of Duty* every Morning with a Yawn or two—you remember the Operation I am sure, and have frequently smiled at it.

Now I have done scolding, let me thank you for the Liveliness of your Letter. I actually do think that both your Stile and Fancy grow richer every Year. I could almost find in my Heart to ask your Pardon—but the Dignity of a Husband must ever be kept up in all matrimonial Connections, for how otherwise can he claim his Rights, *without Libertinism*? I was advertised of the Two Articles in your Postscript, before I came to it, by the Spirit of your Letter, notwithstanding your being lame and blind, which Maladies I hope you have got rid of before this. If you would read less, and walk more, you would cure yourself of both these Ills.

I paid a Visit Yesterday at ——. Mrs. S—— is really a very fine Woman, though somewhat broken by Sickness, Childbearing, and *Husband-bearing*—the worst *Labour* of all. There is something clever, lively, and agreeable in her also. I am heartily sorry for her Misfortunes, though she was born, educated, and *married* to them, so that they cannot be said to be new to her. Government is shamefully deficient that confines itself to Jurisprudence only: To regard civil Actions, without respecting moral Ones, methinks is beginning at the wrong End of Polity. A Man is punished for being a bad Subject, a Thief, or a Robber ;

Robber; but a scoundrel Father, or a worthless Husband, remain uncensured by our Laws.

I received Two Letters from you—One of them: of a long Date*, most unaccountably delayed, as I have got several written since. I love you for hugging your dear Arm on its Recovery—I did not do so much for mine, but *bugged myself* at the Pleasure of being able to write to you. There would be no using an *Amanuensis* in our Correspondence—even our own Hands move too slow for our Hearts. A Dictation would be still more tedious.

I read your Paragraph to your Chaplain, as you stile him; and he says, that the *Kidnapping* of him would be *catching a Tartar*, for he would certainly kidnap you back again with him.

I shall reply to no more of that dear Letter, because the Situation of my Health forbids all tender or melancholy Ideas to dwell upon the Mind, while the Body has Ills enough of its own to resent.

My Cholic attacked me last Night like a mad Dog, without any Challenge or Provocation given on my Part—I wish it had been one in Reality, for I would gladly cry out with Macbeth:

* Letter DCCXXXV.

“ Approach me like the rugged Russian Bear,
 “ The armed Rhinoceros, or Hyrcan Tyger,
 “ Take any *Shape or Form*, and my firm Nerves
 “ Shall never tremble.—”

I would *see* my Enemy, as Ajax requested.—
 For all I desire for my Life, is but *fair Play*.

They say my Disorder proceeds from Wind—
 if it does, it must be a plaguy *shifting* one then,
 for I feel it by Turns in every different Part of
 my Body. If I could but fix it to any one Point,
 I would soon give it *Vent* “ with a bare Bodkin
 “ and determined Hand.” It is all Guess-work
 (I fear) with the Physicians, and they know nei-
 ther what to call, nor how to fix it long enough
 to apply a Remedy. They want the Powers at-
 tributed by Shakespear to the Poet :

“ To give to *airy* Nothing

“ A *local* Habitation, and a *Name*.”

Therefore I am resolved never to call in one
 of them again, while I am able to *bear Pain*—but
 when I shall find that become intolerable, I should
 choose rather to die by another's Hand than my
 own.

My

My Philosophy (which you compliment me upon) is not so extraordinary a Merit: * * *

But I have described it more fully, in a Manuscript that I shall soon send you for the Press*—so all I shall do here is to add; that a Man can never be deemed free, who does not preserve the Possession of his own Mind, and quote you a Passage from my favourite *Harrington*, which pleased me so well at the Time, that I have remembered it ever since. “ By Hope, a Person enjoys even
“ what he may never be able to attain; and by
“ Fear, he is deprived even of what he may
“ never come to lose.”

There is another Thought of his, which I recollect now, and like extremely; where he says, that Man should be defined a *religious*, rather than a *rational* Creature—for in other Animals there may be found something of *Reason*, but none of *Worship*. You remember my Idea once of making *Shame* the distinguishing Characteristic.

Though I am charmed with this great Writer in general, I cannot help being angry with him for his Manner of speaking of Ireland, which he styles *Panopea*, in his Introduction to the *Oceana*: He calls it “ The soft Mother of a slothful and

* The Posthumous Works of a late Celebrated Genius deceased.

“ pusillanimous People, which, though replanted
“ with a new Race, whether through the Na-
“ ture of the Soil, or the Vice of the Air, they
“ come also to degenerate.” He then recom-
mends it to be planted over again with *Jews*,
allowing them their own Laws and Rites.

This is all very unphilosophic—and particu-
larly so in him, who in all his Writings seems to
consider the Constitutions of Government, to
form the only Difference between the Constitu-
tions of Nations.

I send you inclosed a most extraordinary Story
—that a Man who had been so miraculously pre-
served through a Series of such wonderful Dan-
gers and Mishaps, should be reduced at last to
sweep the Streets for Bread *!

Adieu! For I know you will be impatient to
read it.

HENRY.

* The Story of Ambrose Gwinett—Gentleman's and London
Magazine for March 1769.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

AND do you take that—and I wish I could impress it on your Lips with Ten Times the Warmth that I have pressed the Paper to my own. It is not the *Kiss of Duty*—for as Richard says to his Mother : “ I have a Touch of your “ Condition that will not brook Restraint.” Nor is it a Kiss of Thanks either, for the Bill you sent me, No—let *Buss and Guinea* be reserved for those who think venal Beauty worth the Purchase.

No, Henry, it was the Kiss of youthful Fondness, mellowed by Time to something more than Love—to Confidence, to Approbation, to Esteem, to more—much more than I can now express. Regret too strongly mixes with my Love, and almost damps its Ardor. Why art thou absent, dearest to my Heart ! while languid Hours fill up the Time appointed for Existence, and will no more return ! Indeed my Eyes and Heart overflow at this sad Thought !

You

You say my Stile and Fancy grow richer every Year. Alas ! my Love, where Passion such as mine has sweetened the otherwise insipid Draught of Life, the Taste will grow stronger as we drain the Cup. — But then, that very Richness but more marks our Approach to the last Drop. The charming Effervescence of new Spirits has at length abated ; but happy, thrice happy for us both, it has not left it vapid !

The ruling Passion of my Mind was Love, and to that, and that alone, may justly be imputed every little Effort, every Ray which you have been so kind to compliment with the Name of Genius. “ To Venus Son I tune the Lyre, &c.* ” Something too much of this, and of myself too — but I am sick ; and sick Folks must be indulged. Pray how does my dear Harry’s *nameless* Disorder at present ? I hope, I hope he does no irregular Thing while he is out of my Sight. I know he has a Way of braving Pain, because he can bear it, and will die with all the Spirits of *the Expiring Gladiator* ; or like some antient Hero, whose Death in Battle is somewhere thus described, “ He fell, laughed, and died.” I think that this Sentence beats the *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, quite *out of the Field*.

* Part of her own Poem printed in the *Triumvirate*, Vol. I. Page 11, last Stanza,

I hate

I hate your replying to peevish Paragraphs of mine—God knows I have forgot them myself before they reach *Lombard-Street*. But when you consider that I have no other Pleasure, or even Amusement, since my Eyes will not suffer me to read, except what I receive from your Letters, you should excuse my being selfish—But go on, my good Mr. Testy, I should not discourage you, for there is always something so very kind and polite ever mixed up with your Reprehensions, that the Adage of *Amantium iræ*—is that spelt right?—was never more justly applied to any Person than yourself.

I am as angry with old Harrington as you can be. I will suffer no one to abuse honest Ireland, but myself—and whenever I do so, there may perhaps be more of Jealousy than Malice in my Spite, because I really do sometimes suspect you for loving the fair *Panopea* rather too much.

I thank him, however, for giving the Country such a pretty Arcadian Name; for though Hibernia sounds poetical enough, yet it is derived only from the *vulgar* Latin; but Panopea sounds like a Greek Word, which is a much more learned Language, you know, and like some *precieuse* Ridicule in One of our Plays—I say that, *I love and honour the Sound of Greek*.

I wrote

I wrote you a long dull Letter Yesterday—This shall have but one of those Faults; for the Post Bell warns me to say, Adieu, my Life! my Love!

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

POOOR P—— set off for the Hot-wells at Bristol this Morning in a very weakly State; and though I have most earnestly wished her there for some Time past, yet her going has not much contributed to raise my Spirits, which were not a Bit too much elevated before. I think it has ever been my Fate to be left behind, by every One I loved: Lady C——e, Lady S——, Mrs. S——, P—— D——, Mrs. P——, &c. I will not speak, nor even venture to think of what may be yet to come—but I will ever most devoutly pray against the cruel Wish you have sometimes made. —“ Forlorn of thee, whither should I betake
“ me? where subsist?” I cannot see what I write.
—Reading for whole Days does not hurt my Eyes so much, as writing some Paragraphs to you.

I come

I continue still lame—that is not my Fault; but I need not be blind, if I was not a Fool—and surely that is no Fault neither, though I acknowledge it to be a Misfortune.

I count the tedious Days, and am glad to find them shorten. Loneliness and Confinement are much more supportable to me in Winter than in Summer. I have less Desire to stir abroad in bad Weather than in good; and I think a Fire is a tolerable Companion; besides, it gives every body (except yourself) some little Employment: But you are generally too contemplative—I will not say lazy, to stir either it or yourself.

I have had another clever Letter from my dear Ch—; but I am not in a Mood to write to her yet, or, what is still more extraordinary, even to you—and yet I am not ill, nor vexed at any Thing, or at Nothing—but I cannot write, and yet I would still go on scribbling if my Pen was not the worst that ever I handled, because I do not love to leave off talking, though I have nothing to say—and this is too often the Case with others, as well as your truly affectionate Wife

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLVI.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.*Farmley.*

I HAVE reached this Place after a very pleasant Journey of Three Days. I came from Cloyne, the Mountain Road, across the Country, and passed through the most charming Scenes of Landscape I had ever seen.

I was full of Idea all the Way—I fancied myself travelling in the next World all the while: For, in the First Place, you know that I never eat upon such Expeditions; and I suppose you know also, that there is no more Food than Matrimony *beyond*; in the next Place, I felt as I should probably do in that Situation without you, just coolly admiring, or yielding a philosophic Approbation to the Beauties of Nature, and the Dispositions of Providence—waiting even there with Regret, till you should follow, and bring Home to me my Tastes, my Relishes, my warmer Affections.

I sometimes shudder at such Thoughts as these: “Thy Image steals between, &c.” I am a jealous God, says our Creator—but I may as well speak, what I cannot avoid thinking. Fools have luke-

warm

warm Passions, and Knaves selfish ones.—But as *Benedict* says to *Beatrice*, “Thou and I are
“too wise to woo peaceably.”

I have received no Letter from you since I wrote last to you; but Mr. F—— tells me he had forwarded Two to me the Post before I came here. What a flighty Kind of Correspondence must ours be! You remember the old Play, before Cards had established its tyrannous Dominion, of *The Question was asked me, and the Answer was made me.*

There was a Mr. Atterbury at Cloyne while I was there: He is a Fellow of Oxford, and Grandson to the ingenious Bishop of Rochester of that Name; he is a sensible worthy Man, and a good Scholar. He has invited you and me to see that University next Summer: Will you go and take your Degrees there?

All this Family are well, and present their Compliments to you. I have not been long enough in the Country to hear any Thing about the Rest of our Friends in this Latitude. I hope you are well; and I believe so, for if you were otherwise I should know it by Sympathy, and thank God my Disorder has left me at Peace these Ten Days past.

Pray,

Pray,

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * *

A Friend of mine near Cloyne has given me Money to send him over a Medicine Chest, from one Smyth in London. I beg you will do it for me, and have it directed to ——— at Corke, if you will trust me for so much till we meet.

Adieu!

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCLVII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I AM a poor little, fretted, and vexed Thing, because you do not get my Letters; and I know not how to reply to Paragraphs I have answered already *One hundred and Fifty Years ago*—according to your own Mode of reckoning past Time. I told you the Story about Mrs. ——— and Miss ——— in some former Letter, which is probably travelling toward you, in the usual round-about Course of our late Correspondence, and indeed it is not worth the putting me to the Labour of repeating such Stuff over again.

I can

I can with great Sincerity return you the Compliment you pay me in your last dear Letter, of receiving but a Half Enjoyment, or Kind of fullen Satisfaction, from any Pleasure or Amusement which you do not participate in ; and often, alas, too often ! I might say with Cowley,

“ Thou, even my Prayers do’st steal from me :

“ For I with wild Idolatry

“ Begin to Heav’n, and end them all to thee.”

Yet this does not alarm my Piety ; for I flatter myself that the Thought of thee but assists my Devotion ; as I never address the Almighty with such enthusiastic Fervor, as when I pray for your Health, your Life, or Happiness. I never can or will suppose that Heaven can be offended at an Affection such as mine ; it is in its Works we must admire, and praise, and love the Creator. And the nearer any Object approaches to our Idea of Perfection, our Attachments toward it become the more sublime, and the Purity of our Affections seconds the Earnestness of our Wishes. I have not perhaps expressed myself clearly upon this Subject ; but I certainly know, because I certainly feel, what I mean.

Well

Well—to be sure, my own dear Harry was never out of *Panopea* in his Life, when he talks of *One Smyth in London*, especially after Mrs. *Winifred* has told you, “ That it might possibly “ be difficult to find even an *Ap Evans* in this “ Town *.” But no Matter, there is Nothing difficult to a willing Mind, and I will look for your *Needle*, and if I find him out, shall execute your Friend’s Commission without fail.

I beg the Favour of you to write up to Dublin for a Certificate of our Son’s Birth and Christening, and order it to be sent over to me without any Manner of Delay, because it must be produced before the Board of Directors, as it is requisite to ascertain the Age of every Writer that is sent out to India.

This should have been the First Paragraph of my Letter, as the most material ; but since I have deferred it till now, I shall take Care to make it the last, that you may remember it the better, and lose not a Moment’s Time in writing about it. He and Fanchon send their Duty, and I add my Love to it.

Adieu !

FRANCES.

* The School for Rakes.

L E T T E R DCCLVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE received the Pleasure of a Letter from you backwarded from Cloyne*: There is a Freedom, Cheerfulness, Spirit, and Raillery in it that is charming. Your Accounts of dear P—— has been a heavy Drawback on the Pleasure I have received from many of your Letters—and honest Cooke's Disappointment too has added to my Regret. My Love to them both.

I beg of my little Fançhon not to do such giddy Things again; but you must not scold her, because you say, it is so like her Father. Let her stick to *Mother-Wit* for the Future. I was ill and *irregular* as they *fancied* for Three or Four Days at Cloyne; and the Bishop said, he did not know which to admire in me most, my *Patience*, or *Non-forbearance*.

The Story you tell me about Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— is truly ridiculous and absurd—it is not worth either of our whiles to clear it up. I am glad you have had your Laugh out of them, though it was a *ridiculum acri*, as Horace says, and Harry will *explain* to you.

* Letter DCCXLIII.

I shall

I shall go over *à le Voisinage* To-morrow. I have not so perfect Satisfaction anywhere as there, because I can speak more, and hear more of you there, than at any other Place in this Country—they know you more, and I need say no more.

I do not so much care about Mr. M ——— I know him not, but I am most heartily concerned for the worthy Mr. B — : The Family and friendly Affection so remarkable in him, has placed him near my Heart. I beg that you will contradict this Part of the Story at least, the very first Opportunity, and that you will get Cooke a Ship by Return of the Post, and cure P——. Let Fançhon be quite well, and have your own Legs and Eyes set to Rights immediately.—*D'ye mind?* All these Things are among my *Necessaries* of Life.

Adieu, my Life! My Life, Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

I AM just arrived here. The Family I left are gone to the Assizes, and I did not care to stay in their House alone. Not that *alone* is at any Time irksome to me; but that I love the Friends in this Quarter better than Solitude, which I assure you is no indifferent Compliment. But if they do not supply me with better Pens and Ink, I shall not long abide here.

I have received no Letter from you since my last—but no Matter. I do not stand upon Punctilio's—like *some fractious People I know*. The only Reason I have for not writing to you, every Day of my Absence, is, that I find rather too much Pleasure in it; and if I did not restrain myself, I should really do nothing else till we meet again.

The Weather we have here is shocking. If I had not a perfect Faith in the *Rainbow Covenant*, I should, like *Beau Glincher*, prepare my *swimming Girdle* against the next Shower. All the Hay in this Country is rotting in the Fields; and *Moore's* new Machine that travels *without Horses*,

could never have appeared in a fitter Season. Not but that the Weather would be fine enough, if the Rain would let it—for upon the least Open, the Sun looks bright, the Sky serene, and the Moonlights are beautiful.

I cannot proceed farther with such Pens—this is the Sixth I have tried in Pain: It is even worse than *Dictating*.

I must get rid of them, though I even part with you.

Adieu!

HENRY.

P. S. Your fair Friend is safely brought to Bed.
Did I tell you so before?

LETTER DCCLX.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I AM flattered much, indeed I am, at your being pleased with my little Scribble-scrabbles; but you are always kind and partial to me. I endeavour to write as cheerfully as I can, because I have long known the Influence that my Spirits have ever had upon your's. Complaints, besides, are unavailing; and yet I am sometimes tempted

to tell you what is often but too true, that I am not well. I want both Air and Exercise, and fear that in Consequence of this, I shall suffer much next Winter: But *sufficient to the Day, &c.* without anteceding the Evil by Prognostications.

Mrs. G—— is going to Paris for a Couple of Months. It would be a vast Temptation to travel with her, and to see my dear Mrs. Ch—— there. But then I consider myself as placed in a Station which I ought not to desert; and no Pleasure, not even Health itself, could balance such a Reflection: So let this Matter rest, and I will pine in Hyde-Street till your Return.

I shall obey your Commands. It is now said, that Mr. B—— has not suffered by the *Debris* of his Friend. I have heard from P——, and she is recovering. Fançon is perfectly well. My Ails are mending: I can read and walk a little; and Cooke has still Hopes of a Ship. I am happy in being able thus far to supply the *Necessaries* to my own Harry's benevolent Heart.

Faits mes Compliments à Le Voisinage, quand vous y sera. Tell me of every Pleasure you meet with, that I may rejoice in Scenes I am debarred from.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

L E T T E R DCCLXI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THREE tedious Months exactly this Day since my dear Harry left me—Well ! they are past—*gone with the Years beyond the Flood*; and I am glad, therefore—not that I rejoice in such a Lapse of Time, though dull, but that I hope it brings me nearer to the ultimate Point of my most earnest Wishes—the seeing your Return.

The having a Goal in view, quickens the Racer's Speed; but the Impatience of a near Event has a different Effect upon the human Mind, and lengthens the Minutes to Hours. This is an heavy Subject, so no more of it.

Of all the Birds in the Air—but I think you could never guess; so I will not puzzle; but surprize you, by telling you that I had a Visit from Mrs. Jane C—Yesterday: And the very identical Jane not altered—not a Jot ! with Age, Sicknefs, Distress, and Mortifications, from the last Time I saw her (some Dozen Years) to this very Moment. And in Truth I was extremely glad to see her well and happy too, as she says she is at present. She came over here with Lord S—, who

who has behaved with Honour and Humanity toward her Merits. She returns soon to Ireland.

There is something very extraordinary in the Difference of Climates, between our Kingdoms, divided as they are only by a narrow Channel. We have not had Three Days Rain these Three Months in any Part of England, and you talk of Deluges where you are. There has not been so fine a Summer (even in England) these Twenty Years, as they tell me here. And while we are roasting like Lobsters alive by the Heat of the Sun, you are soddening to Death like Shrimps in Damps over the Fire. Why will you still continue “to dwell with *Mesbec*, and have your Habitations among the Tents of *Keder*?”

You may call this poor Spite, if you please, and say that bad as your Climate and yourselves are, I would be glad to be among you: It may be so. You often say such tempting Things of the People of the Country, that it is very probable you may bring me over to your Side of the Question at last.

I hope you have mended your Pens long before this, and that there are a Packet of Letters travelling to me by Land (if you have any left) or by Water, at this present Writing. I amuse myself this Moment with imagining that I see Mrs.

B— and you sailing away in a Brewing Pan, from her House to Kilmurry, steering clear of a Blackberry bush, but in imminent Danger of being shipwrecked for want of a *Chart*, by the branching Arms of an Elder. Well! you are safe landed at last in the middle Floor, and are recounting, *Othello* like, “ the Dangers you had “ passed,” to the gentle *Desdemona* of the Mansion, who says, “ indeed t’was strange; t’was “ passing strange;” and gives you for your Pains a *Cup of Caudle*.

Do not be angry with me, my dear Harry, for playing the Fool. I am not merry; “ but I do “ beguile the Thing I am, with seeming other- “ wife.” My sincere Love to them all, and Joy to *Desdy* of her safe *Accouchment*.

Adieu, my Life! and Love!

FRANCES.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Le Voisinage.

A SAD Event has happened in this Country :
A Second Duel * has been fought between
Mr. A—— and Mr. F——, in which the former
died on the Spot : He was the Challenger, but
upon what new Punctilio, I have not yet heard.

You may remember a remarkable Letter I
wrote to this unhappy Man above Six or Seven
Years ago upon the Subject of the original Dis-
pute. I made an unlucky Prophecy for him at
that Time, it seems. But what signifies Warning
against Fate ?

I must fly over directly to my Friend, who is
certainly unhappy—as any one must be on such
an Occasion, though the Duel was ever so fair,
and the Antagonist ever so foul. I speak generally
here, and mean no Reflection.

I have got your Letter, and shall write this
Night for the Certificate. My Horse is at the
Door.

Adieu !

HENRY.

* See Letter DXXIV.

L E T T E R DCCLXIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I AM just come Home after Supper at Mrs. R—, and have received your shocking Letter. I cannot compose myself to Sleep so immediately after reading it, so I may as well employ the Time in writing to you.

I am extremely sorry for the unhappy Man's being hurried out of the World in such a Manner, "with all his Imperfections on his Head;" and in a voluntary Act of his own Disobedience too. We are allowed to *vindicate* only, but not *avenge* ourselves, "For Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it." However, I rejoice that your Friend escaped, and that you were not his *Second*.

I will not say with the Coward, in some Play, "If I do not wonder now what makes Men so stout;" but I must ask, what makes them such Fools? There is but one Pretence in the World, I think really, that should induce a Man to fight a Duel, and that is, on being called a Coward; because this may justify his Courage; But it is an

idle Thing to do it on being called a Liar, as Fighting can never be deemed a Vindication of Veracity.

The only Way is to speak Truth, which turns the Lie on the Antagonist, according to the noble Answer of some antient Sage, who when he was asked why he did not resent the Calumnies of his Enemies, replied, *my Actions shall give their Words the Lie.*

The Spirit of that Law which permitted Trials by Combat (though barbarous in itself) arose from a noble Reflection, that all Vice proceeds from the Want of a due Sense of Honour; and as in those Days of Chivalry, all Honour was thought to consist in Courage, the Accused was allowed to offer his Vindication by Duel.

How many Circumstances happen to give my dear Harry an Opportunity of marking his kind Attention toward me. Your mentioning your writing about the Certificate, in the Midst of your Hurry and Concern, upon the sad Occasion of your last Letter, lest my Mind should be uneasy about it, was one of these charming Instances.

I hope it will arrive in Time, for we are told that it is one of the necessary Requisites. Men of Business do bind themselves often in most ridiculous Trammels: It is the Manner, more than

the Matter, they frequently attend to ; and Forms must be complied with, though they should be nothing more than Forms. Of what Consequence can it possibly be (in this Case), what Parish the Person was born in ? or whether it happened on the Thirtieth of May, or the Tenth of June ? which latter Circumstance may perhaps occasion some Equivocation, by the Change of *Style* which took Place since his Birth. His Appearance will sufficiently vouch him to be above Sixteen, and under Twenty, which is all that is requisite, as I am informed.

I have got Cold unaccountably, as the Weather continues still insufferably warm ; for though the Sun does not blaze abroad as before, the Air feels like that which issues from an heated Oven. So I am to be baked now, that was broiled before. I shall drink nothing but Barley-water these Three Days, and you may guess what Kind of Spirits I shall be in by that Time. Does the Rain continue to *coddle* you still in *Panopea* ?

Apropos. Have you seen the Comet ? And pray, Mr. Astrologer, what does it portend ? Are we to be roasted or boiled ? you will say one, and I the other. *Bentley* preferred the First ; and as I am already Half done, I agree with him : I am glad that these Phænomena have never been solved.

solved. I would have some Things in Nature which the vain Wit of Man cannot fathom—perhaps it may humble their Philosophy enough to make them suspect that there may be some Things as investigable in *Religion* also.

There is a Ship ordered to carry the Writers to India: We know not yet whether it is destined to Bombay, or Bengal: If to the latter, our dear Boy will sail in it—you will see him sure. I ask pardon—and am composed again, or shall be so—at least appear to be, when Time may give the Semblance of Resignation to still piercing Grief. My dear, dear Child! Prayer is vain—his own Virtues bless him! Amen!

* * * * *

This late Hour of writing to you, puts me in mind of the many pleasant Minutes I have been indulged in after my returning Home from Places where you did not choose to sup, when you have suffered me to prate away to you for a Quarter of an Hour or so, about all the Occurrences of the Evening. It is like it in another Particular also,

L 6

which

which is not so pleasant to think of at present, that I have all the Gob to myself, while you used to look on me, as your dear Picture does now, with mild Complacency, and philosophic Acquiescence.

I have just finished my Sheet, and find that I was not cunning enough to leave a Blank for the Seal. But I never was, nor ever shall be so—and so there will be something torn, though nothing lost.

I wish you safe out of that duelling Country. Adieu ! and Good-night—or Good-morrow rather. *Past One o'Clock, a hot hazy Morning.*

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCLXIV.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

I FOUND my Friend a good deal low upon the late Event : It must doubtless be an irksome Circumstance to Humanity, however unavoidable the Contingency ; though every Thing is just as could be wished on his Part, except the fatal Catastrophe, as the Party did all in his Power to put him in the Right, and give him the Laws of Honour and the Land on his Side.

There

There was no Manner of Foundation for the Challenge: It seems to have been merely a Trial of Skill; or, *let us see who is the best Fellow*, as the Phrase is: So that it cannot so properly be stiled a *Duel*, as a *Prize-fight*. However, every Thing was so fair, that there is but *One Story* told about it in the Country, which is an extraordinary Circumstance upon an Occasion where there happens to be a divided Interest, and an adverse Strife.

You have made a good Distinction between the Opprobriums of Coward and Liar, or *Lâche et Mechant*, as Charles the Fifth said of *Francis the First*; and as for any other Kind of Offence that can never happen between Man and Man, the Laws sufficiently vindicate the Injury.

My little female Montesquieu has also well observed upon that fine Moral whence arose the Usage of the judicial Combat. There is a further Sentiment too in this Matter, which does Honour to the Piety of those Barbarians: That Heaven takes Part with the Innocent even in this Life. It is no very flattering Reflection, to think that civilized Nations seem not to have as elevated Notions, either of Virtue or Religion, as the Goths and Vandals: So that we do not expect that this *Ordeal* Event will put an End to our Suit, as formerly.

I suppose

I suppose that long before this, you will have received the Certificate, which Mr. W—— writes me Word he has sent over to you. I think with you that Men of Business are too formal; besides, in many Instances the formal Method is the least certain: In this Case particularly, the Mother's Certificate should be taken, before the Register's, for she was certainly by *at the Child's Birth*, which he might not have been: Yes, as you say, I think *upon the very Face of the Evidence*, that he is responsible for the Age of Sixteen.

Is it possible for Youth and Beauty, with even the Addition of all your Sense and Merit, to inspire a fonder Passion in the human Breast, than I am sensible of for you this Moment? No.

Adieu!

ANDREWS, BEVILLE, CAREWE, and SUTTON.

LETTER DCCLXV.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I HAVE received the Certificate; and Harry is just gone to the India-House with it and Mr. Manship's Note for Admission as *a Writer* to Bengal. May the Almighty bless and prosper him!

What

What would I not give that I could rejoice at this happy Event ! O ! do not chide me, I know I am to blame ; I know also how weak I am both in Body and Mind ; but cannot help indulging the Feelings of a Mother, though I well know how hurtful it must be to both. A Father is, I hope, a wiser Being.

Yes, I feel for the Mother, who, when a Priest was preaching Resignation to her upon the Death of her Child, by quoting the Example of *Abraham*, cried out “ That Heaven was too well “ acquainted with human Nature to have exacted “ such Obedience from a *Mother*.”

Why are you not here, my Life and Love, to aid me with the Example of your Fortitude ? Yet, am I glad you are not ; it might perhaps avail to stop my Tears, but break my Heart. Now I can let them flow to ease it ; yet will I do all in my Power to hide my Anguish from my Son. His Heart (like your own) already feels too much for others.

I am now composed ; I hope I am. But only to think upon another Source of Woe. I have just received a Letter from my poor P—— : She is in a more dangerous State now than ever ; she has burst a Vein in her Stomach, but speaks with Resignation, which is the only Philosophy that a
Woman

Woman ever should boast of. Do not upbraid me here; I have as much as she, were only myself in Question.

Winter has rushed suddenly upon us. Our fine Weather is vanished, and the Transition has been so amazingly quick here, that we may say Winter has fallen into the Lap of Summer, no mild, no variegated Autumn intervening to make the Change less felt. All sudden Alterations, both external and internal, shock the human Frame; so that I do not know whether your Climate has not at present the same Advantage over ours, that one who had never known Happiness would have above another who had enjoyed and lost it in a Moment! Dreadful Situation!

“ ——— And I was—was most blest.—

“ Gay title of the deepest Misery!”

My Mind is at present so impressed with gloomy Thoughts, that all my Colourings will in spite of me take a sombre Cast, and I would not wish to communicate such dark Tints to yours. I will therefore leave the Rest of my Paper spotless of my Ink and of my Tears.

Adieu, my dearest Harry!

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R D C C L X V I .

HENRY to FRANCES.

I GET no Letters from you, yet I still write to you. For want of fresh Intelligence I have amused myself this Morning with looking over some of your late Letters, as my poor Uncle used always to read one News-paper every Morning till the Post brought him another ; and from these Notes I shall try to furnish out the *Epistle for the Day*, by replying to some Passages in them, which I do not remember to have remarked upon before.

The Accounts you have so repeatedly given of our poor dear P—— render me unhappy, and give me almost a Despair of her Recovery. She is young, however—but so, alas ! are her Feelings ; and therefore too strong for her Mind. Her Heart is broken, I fear. — Break all their Necks that have rendered it so !

I am well pleased with your letting Harry have every Manner of Indulgence, both in Cloaths and Accomplishments, that he desires, or that you approve. I think I can be answerable for it that he will never abuse our Confidence. Besides, my Nature is Indulgence ; I grant it to every one but myself—I am amply repaid in you.

I did

I did indeed say, that your *Stile* grew *richer*; and I might have added, your *Sentiments* *warmer* too, every Day. Philosophers might conclude from our Example, that Age brings an addition of *Spirit* with it. Youth is perhaps too much immersed in *Flesh*.

No—I will not venture to touch upon that Passage—nor that—nor that. Such Reflections affect me too much. These are what I more peculiarly stile *your own Paragraphs*: I am fond enough to pay them an higher Compliment, if I could think of a more flattering Expression.

Why! how now, you *pert Miss* you, how dare you rally a poor *Irish Lad* so hardly? Could not any Apothecary or Chymist in London have told you where One Sinyth, the Medicine-chest Man, was to be found out? or, could you not have consulted your old Friend *Phæbus*, who is equally the Deity of Verse and Physic? and this may be the Reason perhaps, that he suffers so many vile Poems to be published every Day, lest those that take Physic might be at a Loss.

Do, walk yourself and Fançhon out every fair Hour in the Musæum Gardens; for Air and Exercise are absolutely necessary to you both—though this is really an alarming Season! There are Times when one rejoices at not having either Estate or Farm.

Farm. They say, that Fools only talk of the Weather.—But they must be worse than Fools, indeed, who are not shocked at this.

I have thought that every Shower for these Ten Days past was but the last *Wringing* of the Clouds, and expected to see them every Minute hung abroad in the Air, like wet Shrowds to dry. There must surely be (as the Scripture says) a *Store-house* of Waters in the Firmament; for there actually has not been Strength enough in the Sun here this Summer to exhale Vapours sufficient for such a Second Deluge.

My ransacking through a Parcel of your old Letters in this Manner, puts me in mind of my looking into the Series sometimes as I chance to meet with it, where I have nothing else to read; and it serves to amuse me a good deal, by recalling to my Mind many Scenes and Circumstances of Life which afford Subject for Reflection.

I think (though I never reckoned them) that there appears to be more of my Letters than your's in the Collection: But then, how do they appear? After I have flourished away in Soliloquy for several Posts together, you step in with One or Two little Billets that foil all mine, by making them appear but *Foils* to yours.

I have

I have more of Philosophy in my Writings, but you more Tenderness; mine employ the Head, but yours affect the Heart — Unequal Strife for Fame; the many feel, the few only comprehend: I look wise, while I am reading some of my own. I weep on perusing many of your's.

My Blessings and my Love.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER DCCLXVII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I AM really extremely uneasy at your not receiving my Letters—I am so on Two Accounts. I would not have you think I had neglected to write, nor can I bear the Apprehensions of their falling into ignorant or improper Hands. There never was a Thought of my Heart, relative to myself, concealed from you. I write just as I speak — extempore. One needs no Preparation to utter Truth: You can make Allowances for the Foibles of a Heart you approve; but to those who have not the same Indulgence and Partiality towards me, even the little Badinage, Jealousies and Impati-

Impatience, of some of my Letters, may be magnified into Faults, or become the Ridicule of small *Wits*.

I beg therefore, that you will try to recover them, not for the Sake of your own Possession, but to prevent that of others : You may reckon upon Three a Week at least, sometimes more.

Your Deluge has spread to us at last. There has not been a fair Hour this Week ; and I am now sitting over a good Fire, but with my Dressing-room Window open ; for the Heat and Damp of the Air resemble the Sensation one feels on drinking Pepper-mint Water, when we fancy our Breath to blow hot and cold at the same Instant.—Defend us from suchagueish Doings !

Take Notice that I am much poorer than Job, because I am in Debt, and we hear nothing of his Creditors among the other Plagues of his Life : This is to me the most irksome Situation imaginable ; but the Cause, indeed, ought to console me : Even the necessary Expences toward my dear Son's Equipment are very heavy ; and yet they shall not hinder us, I believe, from exceeding into every Extraordinary that may be either useful or entertaining to him. I have already bought him a good deal of Music, and several Books of
an

an high Price ; and by the Catalogue he has shewn me, he means to carry over a perfect Library, if you will indulge him.

I have no doubt of your supplying this Article with an unsparing Hand, therefore I shall only be solicitous for him in Matters which your Philosophy and Parsimony to yourself may think, perhaps, might be spared. I shall not say any more upon this Subject ; but remember, my dear Harry, that “ your Nature is Indulgence,” and that he merits every Instance of this Kind in our Power.

I had a Letter Yesterday from poor P——, who continues still very ill ; but the Vein that opened has closed again. She sends her Love to you, and says she thinks that your Return to London would contribute to *her Health* at Bristol, by making *me happier*. Poor little suffering Saint !

I scribble on, but without Heart or Soul, from the disagreeable Apprehension that my Letters may fall into the Hands of some *Thady Mulrooney*, or *Teague O' Flagherty*, or other : This is a mortifying Reflection ; I will therefore neither pursue it, or this Letter, any farther, than just to tell you what I am proud the whole World should know, that I am my dearest Harry's ever fond and faithful Wife,

FRANCES.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

(Upon ruled Paper.)

Farmley.

NO Letters from *Frances* to *Henry*! Should we publish any more of the Series, what would the World say to such a Chasm? *Hiatus valdè deffendus*, at least. I should really be much alarmed at such a tedious Interval, but that your Son and Daughter, thank God, are both with you; and in such a Case, *no News, &c.* For Children are ever fond of telling News, be it good or bad.

You will be surprized, I dare say, at this Sort of *School-boy Paper*, but I could get no other here, and it is the *Bon ton* among us at present. The World appears pretty much to be above *Rule* in their Actions, yet seem to pay some Deference to *it* in their Writing. One would fancy this Sort of Paper was invented by Hackney-clerks, who are paid by the Sheet for copying out Bills and Answers, and therefore place their *Lines* at a vast Distance asunder.

You may depend upon it that I shall not delay One Hour in Ireland after my Business is put into a proper Train; and I am tired with writing to

slow

slow Swift (my Attorney) for whose Summons I am waiting to set out for Dublin. A State of Delay is a State of Dependence, and surely there cannot be a more irksome Situation !

The Weather is not only dull, but melancholy. All our Hopes (as they too generally are) were placed *in the Moon* : It changed, yet hardly afforded us *a Mouthful of Moonshine*. But the Third Day is the critical One, say the *lunatic* Philosophers : Is that Planet such bad Pay that it should require *Three Days of Grace* ? or, is fair Weather so long journeying from thence to us ? You may ask *the Man in the Moon* this Question, for I am not Astrologer enough to resolve it.

* * * * *

I walk out every Day for Two or Three Hours when the Weather will suffer it, and stride away often into the fairy Fields of Imagination, or the philosophic Groves of Contemplation, according to the accidental Bent of my Mind at such Times : I am sometimes a King, sometimes an Hermit ; but oftener a Magician ; for I long to be able to do
Good,

good unseen, and unknown. This would be to me Eternity in a Moment.

I declare, that if I could render even you happy by invisible Means, I think, I should never let you know who was your good *Genius*. I would have all the World feel the Benefit, but desire only one Being in the Universe to know the Author of it. Can any Book in a Library amuse one better, or the best Treatise on Ethics more confirm one's Virtue, than such Wanderings of the Mind, where *the Heart is fixed*?

But I must have done with farther Reflections, having now got almost to the End of my *Line*. I will write no more *by Rule*; it makes a little Matter stretch too far, which is not my Way. I never was an *Economist* in any Thing. Whenever I am writing either to you, or the World, I set down every Idea that occurs, and, according to Scripture, take no *Thought* for the Morrow.

Adieu, my dear Wife and Children!

Your own

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCLXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Farmley.

I RECEIVED Two Letters from you * last Pacquet, which pleased me even more than any of your former, because there appears to be a certain Enjoûment and Philosophy in them which shew a cheerful and a firm Mind; and delight me more than all your Wit, Tenderness, or Sentiment: The former refer more immediately to your own Feelings—the latter relate rather to those of others.

Mrs. B—— is here, and I shewed your Letter to her, which describes our Sailing together in the Brewing-pan; and she laughed at that, and the Reception you supposed us to meet with from the gentle Desdemona—that kind of *calm Surprise* and *tame Hospitality* you paint, are exactly in the Stile of her amiable and mild Character. Mr. F—— happened to join our *Tête à Tête*, and I let him see your Letter, which he returned to me, with these Words, *unabated and unabating*.

* Letter DCCLIII, and the next.

I thank

I thank you for the pleasant Paragraph where you send me my *Necessaries* ; as also for your Account of Mrs. Jane, our old Friend. Lord S—— has acted nobly toward her ; for though she certainly had *Merits*, they were such (however *to him*) as required Generosity to forgive, and Honour to requite. Your Article about Cooke in particular rejoices me on a double Account. How happy should we be if it should be in his Station to carry over our dear Adventurer.

But last and most in love, let me thank you heartily for the Account you give me of yourself. I am glad to hear you are upon your Legs again ; and wish I could say this Moment to my own, *Limbs do your Office*. Since Fançon is also recovered, and that you insult us so often with your fine Weather, pray take an Hour's Walk at least, every Morning with her in the Musæum Gardens.

I should never have censured your *petit Tour* to Paris if you had taken it ; but since you did not, let me make you some Amends by approving of your Conduct. You must have lost so much Enjoyment of your Son, just on the Eve of his Departure from you—this indeed, was a Reflection of your own, on a parallel Instance before. Besides, your Presence must be necessary toward his

Equipment for the Voyage, as my provoking Law-suit keeps my Legs in the Stocks at present.

But never fear, my merry Fellow-traveller, we will go to Paris yet, if it be only to meet our dear Nabob returning *over Land* from India. Why, this may happen in about a dozen Years, and what is a Score to such willing Minds!

But what will put this Matter quite out of Dispute, is to be upon Honour with each other to live till then: That is a Pledge we have never yet forfeited to one another, and I fancy we shall be as little inclined to do it in this as in any Thing else. I say done first, and generously give you Eleven Years Odds at Starting.

I forgot to tell you, that in reading my Manuscript, the Passage that struck them all the most, was a Simile of the *Polypus*, which is somewhere introduced in it: This pleased me so much, that I could not refrain from confessing the Plagiarism—borrowed it from a careless Expression of yours one Evening in Conversation at Captain Wylliams's in Canterbury, some Time ago, when the Conversation happened to turn upon the very Topic where I have applied it.

My dear Family, adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

NO—I will not chide you for your Grief. My Sympathy justifies it. What an imperfect State is Life! Not only our Misfortunes, but our Blessings too are sometimes made our Trials; and Reason oft rejoices, where Nature mourns. God Almighty bless him—bless him—bless him!

You would have me absent, you say, at this Time, lest it might restrain your Tears—I am so far satisfied on that Account, and for a further one also relative to himself. A Woman's Tenderness is natural, and so much to be expected, that it cannot move him beyond what he may be supposed to bear; but were he to see the Tears which now I shed, it might unman him quite, and leave such an Impression on his Spirits at parting as would ill prepare him for an Enterprize, which may require the utmost Effort of his young Mind to bear him through. This is but the Second Uneasiness he ever gave us in his Life—the First was when he had a Fever.

But neither of these Considerations would have been sufficient to have prevented my flying to you

this Moment, if an higher Regard to you both did not restrain me from you. Besides, I am doubly bound here, by the Laws of Prudence and of Honour too. My Suit is not yet come to a Crisis; and my Friend is in Difficulties.

Be not uneasy, my dearest Life, about your Letters; I receive them all, though not regularly. The Two I am now answering I received but this Day, though they were above a Fortnight due. The Disappointments and the Delays are owing merely to the Precariousness of the Winds.

I am pleased with dear P——'s pretty Sentiment, but am sorry she said it, except she should recover. It is cruel to utter kind or tender Things to one's Friends; in our last Moments—it increases Grief, and entails Regret.

I have wrote to my Deputy to remit you the Amount of his last Quarter's Abstract immediately, for I know you have not quite the Patience of Job; and hope that you never may *be able* to distinguish yourself in any such Character. For Patience is formed by *Trials*.

Blessings to my Children! and adieu, my ever dear Fanny!

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R D C C L X X I .

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE waited all Day with the utmost Impatience for the Pleasure of hearing from you, as I have for more than a Month past written to you on Subjects—One at least extremely interesting; but certainly my Letters neither have, nor ever will reach you—Thanks to the saving Scheme of Franks and Enclosures.

I did at length receive a *Letter* from you, but no *Answer*. You had already left the Equipping of your Son for India to me, who am by no Means fit for such an Employment. I have done, and left undone many Things without Judgment or Discretion; and have laid out a great deal of Money without appearing to have advanced one Step in the Commission, having no one either to help or advise me.

But in your last Letter you seem to acquiesce so intirely in your staying away, at this Extraordinary Time, that I confess it alarms me extremely, and that in a very uncommon Way too; because I cannot possibly account for it—and that this is the First Instance in my Life that ever I

knew you act inconsistently, or improperly — pardon the Expression.

You say that the Parting with your Son might leave an *Impression on his Heart*; but I fear that your not taking leave of him, may leave One upon his *Mind*; and I should much rather have him sustain the first than the latter Pang; for young Hearts are not so apt to break, as young Minds to remember. I am no Philosopher, I find, because that my Notion of that noble Science of Defence would be this, to act the Part which Nature and Duty point out, and leave Consequences to take care of themselves.

The Two Obstacles you mention, are certainly very strong ones in themselves; but have, I apprehend, no Manner of Force in the present Crisis. I should think that *il n'y a rien qui presse* in a Law-suit of Fifty Years standing, or in the present Situation of your Friend, which need prevent your coming over (for a Week at least) to transact a Business of so much immediate Consequence—and to save Appearances, at the same Time, which is all that we should exact from you, either on Account of ourselves, or of the World.

You will conclude from my Letter, very justly, that I am out of Spirits, and of Temper both. I

have been so for some Time past, though for your Sake I have endeavoured at an Affectation of Cheerfulness. But I cannot long continue to write or speak in a Language foreign to my Heart. You will, therefore, I hope, excuse the Freedom with which I have now expressed myself.

Be not so cruel or unjust, to imagine that I doubt in the least, your Affection for your Son, or your Tenderness to me. I must deny the Record of Twenty Years in One Instance, and of Sixteen in the other, before it could be possible for me to suspect such Misfortunes. But I own that I am almost brought to think with Harrington, that there is something in the Air of the Climate you now breathe, that relaxes the Mind as well as the Body, and is apt to render them both indolent.

I will; nor now, nor ever say a Word more upon this Subject—perhaps, and I fear I have already said too much: My Feelings are too warm. If I have offended you, I again intreat your Forgiveness; and hope you will believe me to be, with the sincerest Affection, my dearest Harry's ever fond and faithful Wife,

FRANCES.

LETTER DCCLXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I RECEIVED your Expostulation, and it has rendered me unhappy—perhaps I may find the Benefit of it in another Way. Exercise is necessary to Health, and it made me move for an Hour about my Chamber this Morning. I am like a Ghost—and always walk when discontented.

I was perfectly sensible of the Decency, the Expediency, and the fond Ties which should have drawn me over to you, before you marked them to me so strongly; and when I resisted such pressing Instances, you might, I think, have given me Credit for being withheld by some higher Considerations; and not to strain your Faith too hard, I had, I thought, in some of my late Letters, sufficiently hinted to you both the Business and the Duty which detained me here.

But it seems I should have said with Suckling,
“Those Tyrants Business, Honour, and Necessity, what have they to do with you and me?”

Had I followed the Dictates of my Heart alone, I should have escaped your Reprimand; but I weighed the Arguments on both Sides of
the

the Question, in the Scales of my Mind only, without suffering my Passions to throw in the least *Scruple*. Prudence and Philosophy, methought, fitter became both the *Circumstances* of my Fortune, and the Years of my Life, and so overbalanced my Attention to Appearances and Affections.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice, it is said, but I shall endeavour to preserve the Merit of both with you. I shall therefore certainly set out for London in a few Days, if my leaving Ireland at this Crisis hazards Nothing more than my own Interests—but I have no Right to endanger those of another.. Mr. F—— is not at Home; but I shall send him your Letter, and leave him to judge in this Matter for himself. If the Situation of his Affairs should require my Stay, you must give me leave, once in my Life, to try what it is to be a Heroe.

I thank you for the Justice you do me: in not suspecting my Affection toward you, and you might add also, my good Opinion of your Sense, Judgment, and Virtue—for I may well say with the Poet:

“Whate’er she liked,
 “Was then of me approv’d—what not, condemn’d..
 “Her Censure was Arraignment.”

But there are Duties in Life superior to Affections, and I shall always fulfil every Character of Man as far as I may be able. You have yourself ever concurred in such Principles as these, though strongly tempted to dissent from them; and I would rather be justified by your Reason, than even approved of by your Passion.

You shall hear from me by next Post, or perhaps see me before the Mail reaches you. Adieu, my dear Fanny! My Blessing to my Children; and believe me to be your truly fond and affectionate Husband,

HENRY.

LETTER DCCLXXIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe Kindness and cruel Condescension of your last Letter, it must, and ever will afford me Pleasure to remove any Manner of Difficulty from you; I am therefore doubly happy in Mr. Marship's additional Goodness to my Son, by leaving him at Leisure to wait the last Ship's going to Bengal this Year, yet still preserving him his Rank, as Fifth upon the Roll.

So

So that he need not set out till January or February next, before which Time I flatter myself that the Circumstances of your Affairs may admit of your returning to England, without any Hazard to your own Interests, or Injury to those of your Friend ; which I acknowledge to be Considerations that ought to have preponderated against any Indiscretion or Impatience of mine.

I hope that this Letter may reach you before you leave the County of Kilkenny : I shall be miserable if it should not ; for it would mortify me extremely, if you should treat me so like a Child, as to sacrifice to my Feelings, after having resisted your own. Heaven knows I would not give you a Moment's Trouble or Inconvenience to save merely myself from any Thing I could endure.

Your Quotation from Suckling happens to be a little unlucky, because it reminds me of another Passage in him, which, however, I shall only repeat, but not apply, for Two Reasons : First, because it would be pert, and next, because it would not, I hope, be pertinent. “ I have no Faith in
“ *Welchmen* ; and though Fear and Suspicion
“ look often so far that they oversee the Right,
“ yet when Love holds the Candle, they seldom
“ mistake so much.”

My

My Eyes are so extremely weak, I cannot see to write more ; I must therefore bid you adieu, my dear, kind, cross Love !

FRANCES.

P. S. Your Children both present their Duty.

LETTER DCCLXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My dear FANNY,

I HAVE the Pleasure to acquaint you that I am now at Liberty to attend your Summons, and am just setting off to Dublin. Mr. F—— is come Home, and in returning me your *most elegant Scold* (as he styled your Letter) told me that he could not think of detaining me from my Family on so critical an Occasion, even if my Stay was immediately necessary here ; but that it really was not so at present ; and if he should need my Services this Winter, the Nature of the Business would afford me sufficient Time to return again.

I forgot my last Letter to you, but if I did express myself with any Warmth in it, I hope that the Difficulties of my Situation may plead an Apology for it. I had Business here of Prudence, Necessity,

Necessity, and Friendship. I had Calls to London both of Duty and Affection: These Considerations drawing different Ways, distracted my Mind, and kept me several Nights intirely without Sleep; and your Impatience added to my Distress.

And yet there was Nothing in your Letter that I should have resented in any other Condition of Mind. It was, at most, but a Sort of *Damnum sine injuriâ*, as Lawyers distinguish. Besides, old Fellows must expect to be rivalled by young ones; and I ought not, therefore, to have been jealous of your preferring your Son's Satisfaction to my Convenience. But I acknowledge that it ever did, and ever will alarm my Delicacy, the slightest Apprehension of suffering the Romance of our Loves to dwindle into the Novel of common Life.

However, I am glad you wrote that Letter; very glad, indeed, because it has determined my returning to you. The Duty, Decency, and Pleasure of seeing my Son before his Departure, and the every Thing that should require my being with you upon that Event, I am certain of—The Success of my Businesses here, not so certain—nay some of them more than doubtful; and the only Punctilio which held my Resolve in Suspense, kindly obviated by the generous Releafe of my
Friend

Friend—I felicitate myself upon this lucky Occasion, and shall fly to you with all the Expedition that Love, Winds, and Post-horses can speed me.

Tell my dear Boy, that I received his English, French, and Latin Letters, and am extremely pleased with them every one; but am in too great an Hurry, at present, to answer so universal a Scholar.

Do not throw away a Letter on me, for I cannot receive it, either here, at the Head, or at Chester, as perhaps I may have the Pleasure of seeing you before this reaches London—I hope so, at least. — Stay—I may possibly get a Letter from you at St. Albans—venture it: It will be a great Comfort to me.

Blessings to our Children; and believe me to be, my dearest Life, your truly fond and affectionate Husband, Lover, Friend, though I does scold you a little now-and-then when you chides me.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R D C C L X X V .

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

JUST arrived in Town. No Chester Ship ready to sail, and the Pacquet does not go off till Morning-tide—perhaps not then, as the Wind is now flying in our Faces; but I shall deliver myself on Board notwithstanding, though I may be said, *Bellerophontis literas afferre*, for aught I know, as my Cholic has returned upon me severely of late, and my Stomach is at this Moment a Pincushion. All Food is equal to it, for it equally resents them all. “It mocks the Meat it feeds on,” and turns it to an *Adder in my Bosom*.

Mr. R — is married to the Widow T — ; They have exactly Five Children a piece—this may not so properly be called Matrimony, as *joining Issue*. However, it is a fair and honest Match, as she is to abide by her present Jointure if he should die; and in the mean Time, it sufficiently pays her Club, so that none of the Children on either Side will be injured by their Union.

There has been a Quarrel lately between M — and W — ; you know their Characters, and can determine which was the Aggressor, and how it ended;

ended ; for one of them will fight, right or wrong ; and the other, neither right nor wrong.

I called to see Mrs. T — this Evening, and after she had made some kind Inquiries about you, she asked me if I knew a Miss N — in London, that Colonel D — seemed to be in Love with, by speaking of her as a young Woman of the best Sense, greatest Ingenuity, Reading, Learning, Taste, and Genius in the World.

I do not think of her as a Second Madame *Dacier* indeed, but with proper Abatements I gave her Character just as it is : A Person of plain good natural Understanding, but slow and unrefined ; of great Application and Sedulity, which are, however, no Marks of Genius ; but of an exceeding good and honest Heart, which is capable of firm and faithful Friendship, but without either Warmth or Sentiment.

I am going to venture my Life * at Cousen W — 's To-night, and shall then return Home to pray for a Wind.

Adieu, my dearest Fanny !

HENRY.

* By eating Supper.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCLXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Holyhead.

LANDED here just now, sick—very sick, after a Voyage as long as Jonas took in the Whale's Belly, and am just such another Figure, I believe, as he was when he had got on shore. Think of Three Days breakfastless, dinnerless, and supperless Meal Times ; my Stomach, that equally resents Fasting and Feasting, feeling all the while as if it had swallowed a live Lobster.

And that 'twas fighting Tooth and Nail ;

Armed cap à pié with Coat of Mail,

Against my Digestion.

Archdeacon Browne and his Wife (the best humoured Couple, I believe, this Day in England) came over with me in the Pacquet, and we are to travel together as far as Chester, from whence they set off to Bath.

BANGOR.

The Post had gone from the Head before I had wrote so far ; so that I have brought on my Letter hither, to tell you that I travel as fast as the Welch Horses will carry me ; but am sorry to say they are not so *hasty* as the People are.

I am

I am going to eat the First Morfel for Three Days and an Half, and feel a tolerable good Appetite to it ; but my Stomach is so like a *Cat*, that its *Pleasure and Grumbling*, I fear, will go together.

I hope for a Line at St. Alban's, to put me in Spirits on my entering London, by hearing that you are all well. Amen !

Adieu, my dearest Joys ! my Wife and Children, adieu ! prays your affectionate Husband, and fond Father,

HENRY.

LETTER DCCLXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Chester.

AS soon as I came here To-day, I sent a Crier about the Town to challenge any Man, Woman, or Child to go Post with me to London, but a dead Silence reigns. I have, therefore, taken a Place in a Stage that sets out about Midnight, which I did in order to bind myself to travel Night and Day to you—which possibly I might not have had Virtue enough to have done, had I suffered myself to remain my own Master—that is, *my own Slave*.

I shall

I shall be in London on Wednesday next, but at what Time of the Day I cannot tell at present—I forgot to ask the Coachman, and it is too far to go back and inquire; but Harry may know at what Hour *I shall be due*, by calling at *Charing-cross*, where the Machine sets up.

Pray do not be shocked at the Sight of me, for though I am *rueful*, I am by no Means *dismal*; but joined to an unceasing Cholic, and a still subsisting Rheumatism, I have for some Time laboured under a severe Fit of the Gravel, which the quack Medicine of a Stage-coach will perhaps either kill or cure.

Besides, if I eat, I am sick, and if I fast, I am sad. I may say of Food, as it is said of Matrimony *marry and repent, do not marry and repent*; and may very aptly apply Martial's Line to my Meals, *Nec tecum possum, &c.*

There is no Living with thee nor without thee.

Nor do even my Slumbers yield me Ease from Smart: It is not Apathy I feel; but, like a Limb *asleep*, I snore in Agony, and still dream of Pain.

But I have now quite taken leave of Physicians for the Rest of my Life, or Death—This will be a considerable Saving to my Purse, perhaps to my Constitution too. I have essayed all their Pills and Potions in vain, and look upon them to be but a
Sort

Sort of *Jugglers*, who make a Livelihood out of *Cups and Balls*, at the Expence of the Weak and Credulous. It would be well if they were as innocent also.

I shall call at the Post-office, St. Alban's—and woe be to Somebody if I should not receive a Letter there.

Adieu, my dearest Wife! and dear Children!

HENRY.

L E T T E R DCCLXXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

(To St. Alban's.)

My best, my dearest LOVE,

I HAVE this Instant the real Transport of receiving Four Letters from you. The Hopes of seeing you must ever afford me the sincerest Delight; but the Apprehension of your coming at a Time when Business, or the Attachments of Friendship, called for your Stay, would have been painful to me, and have mingled an unknown Sensation with the Joy of Meeting, if the Kindness of these Letters had not removed this most awkward and *strange* Feeling from my Breast, and left no Room for any other, but the Joy of seeing you.

I can

I can never manifest Contrition enough for my Fault; but as it has been my first Offence of this Kind I hope, give me Leave to cry out with the Heralds of the Secular Games among the Romans, celebrated like the Jubilees once only in an Hundred Years, "Come and see a Spectacle that none
" of ye have ever seen before, or shall ever be-
" hold again."

Your Description of Miss N—— is the most exact Character of her that can be conceived. You judge Nothing superficially. Other Observers are but *Statuaries*, you an *Anatomist*.

The joyful Harry has been at *Charing-cross*, and you will be due in London by Three o'Clock To-morrow, if you do not choose to dine with *Duke Humphrey*, as my dear Martyr is obliged to do so often whenever he travels.

The Wit and Spirit with which you treat your shocking Disorder, help sometimes to convey a Sort of aukward Pleasure to my Mind, as it is one that is quite out of its Place. But you seem to resemble an *Opera*, where the Heroes sometimes sweetly sing their dying Staves in the very Hands of the Executioner.

Your whole Life has been a Sort of *Trivelinade*; and your Manner of compounding with Health and Fortune, with many other Passages in your
Life, |

Life, prove that no one could better determine *not to be Trivelin* * than yourself.

But beware of Moliere's Fate at last. Besides, I confess another Fear I am some Times seized with about you ; lest, as you contrive to render yourself doubly merry through Life, by rejoicing in its Goods, and sporting equally with its Ills, Providence, who is a great Œconomist, might think itself pretty nearly impartial in its Distributions to you, by dispensing Happiness or Misery alike.

My Spirits are flurried, my Heart beats fast—they are talking round me—I know not what I write ; this only I am certain, that I am, with the truest, tenderest, and most grateful Affection, my dearest Harry's ever fond and grateful Wife !

FRANCES.

P. S. Your Children are both well, good, and happy at the Thought of seeing you To-morrow.

* This Character was of a Frenchman of a peculiar and happy Turn of Mind. One Story of him is sufficient to explain the above Passage : Being fatigued with the Heat of the Day once on a Journey, he alighted and took a Nap on the Road, having first fastened the Bridle round his Arm. Some Thief slipped off the Head-stall, and stole away the Horse. When he awoke, he argued with himself thus, " Either I am *Trivelin*, or I am not—if I am, I have lost a Horse, if not, I have gained a Bridle." In fine, he determined the Doubt in his own Favour, and returned Home rejoicing in his Advantage.

F I N I S.

